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THE PIRATE'S DAUGHTER.

Bolidar the Sea King's Crime---A Brave American and His Love---Life and Mystery in the West Indies.

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CHAPTER I.

THE SHIPWRECK.

The good ship Eleanor of Boston, bound to San Juan de Porto Rico, had entered West Indian waters in the autumn of 1824. An observation had been taken at noon, and the reckoning therefrom showed the ship's position to be in latitude twenty degrees and fifty-five minutes north, and longitude seventy-nine degrees and fifty-five minutes west. It was now late in the afternoon, and the wind, which had been quite steady from the southwest during the day, was dying away, while the clear brightness of the sky was dimmed by a shadowy gloom that came from no special direction, but which seemed to envelop sea and sky.

Luke Ravenwood, commander of the ship, was a young fellow, only 26 years of age, but an experienced seaman. His father had been a sea captain, and he learned the art under him, making himself so proficient that at nineteen he was placed in command of a merchant vessel making regular trips between Boston and Brazil. Luke was a fine specimen of young manhood, tall, broad shouldered, with dark brown eyes and hair. There was not only an ample reservoir of physical strength in his swelling bosom and firm-set limbs, but the proud lifting of his full brow, and the fire of those keen eyes, spoke of an inner strength which was unconquerable.

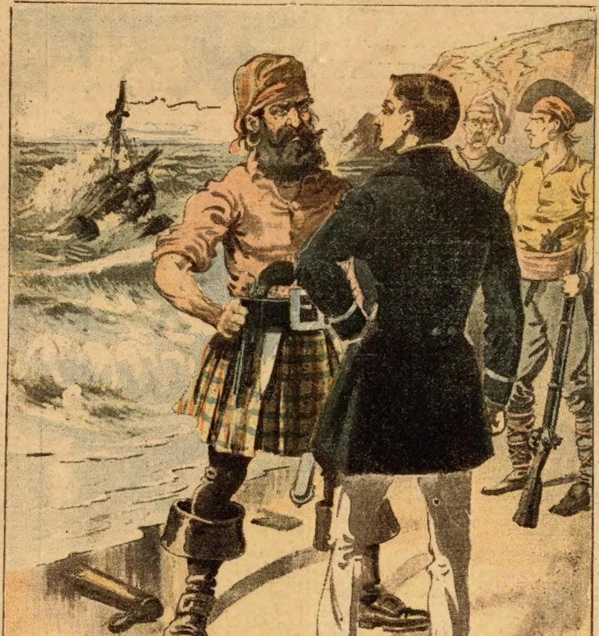
Luke had never known a mother's love, she who gave him life having died when he was still an infant, and he was reared and educated by a maiden aunt to the age of fifteen when he went with his father to sea. The father was appointed to the navy three years before our story opens and was killed in an engagement with some of the West India Buccaneers.

This cast a gloom over the heart of the young seaman, but two years later came another blow that almost crushed out his life and took from him his last hope of earthly happiness. One of the merchants owning the ship of which he was master, was Mr. Samuel Morris of Boston. Mr. Morris had an invalid wife and one daughter, Eleanor, who was then about 18 years of age. Luke Ravenwood had known Eleanor since she was a little girl and had watched her grow to the most beautiful woman he had ever known, with marked interest. This interest grew into love and his love was returned.

The parents did not object to his attentions, and they were betrothed, and the day for the wedding fixed. Mr. Morris had some interests in England, and the young captain was sent there with a merchantman. In the meantime Eleanor's mother was in ill health, and her physicians advised her to seek a milder climate than Massachusetts for the winter, and with her daughter she started for Kingston, Jamaica, aboard another West Indianman which belonged to her husband's fleet.

The vessel containing the wife and daughter touched at Charleston and Savannah, then she was spoken in West India waters by a homeward bound ship, and never seen or heard of after. The fate of the vessel, crew, and passengers was not known. Whether she had gone down in one of those awful West India hurricanes, or had been captured by some of the ferocious pirates which the fleet of Commodore Porter had not been able to exterminate, was not known.

Every effort possible was made to learn their fate, but in vain. The grief of the husband and father was no more frantic than that of the lover. From the hour of his return from Europe, and learning that Eleanor was lost to him, he was a changed man. He still plied his trade, and was at his own request, assigned to the West Indies. The vessel he commanded was named the Eleanor, for the lost one, and the figure and face of the beautiful girl was carved on the bow.



"Do you speak English?"

On the afternoon in question, Captain Luke Ravenwood stood by the taffrail, gazing off upon the horizon to the eastward, occasionally raising his hand above his head to feel if any wind was stirring, and more often casting his eye aloft to see how the canvas hung. While thus engaged, his first mate, Mr. Briggs, approached him and asked:

"What d'ye think of this, Captain?"

"I believe we'll have a storm, sir," the captain returned, sweeping the horizon with his eyes, "and when it does come, Lem, it will be in earnest. None of your ocean puffs with nothing to hatch wind from; but we'll have it right fresh from the West India skies where they know how to make things blow."

"I certainly agree with you, Captain," the mate answered. "I hope it won't be too hard, and not last long."

"You can't hope so more than I," said the captain, "for I dread a storm just here."

"We've got a good stout ship, and yet we're hampered for sea room. There are so many infernal keys and islands not on the chart, and big gray rocks sticking their heads up from the sea, that we are liable to be on breakers at any time before we know it."

There is something in the atmosphere of an impending storm at sea which a sailor can readily feel; and, though the crew of the Eleanor may not have felt so deeply and significantly as the captain, yet every man was certain that a storm was near. Captain Ravenwood watched the sea and sky as the hours wore on. The sun was setting in a thick bank of haze, giving to the whole western horizon a dull, bloody hue, with here and there spots of a darker tinge, like openings through a fiery cloud, looking upon a fearful blackness behind.

The haze and the oppressive stillness continued to increase until the men were actually panting for breath.

One old sailor remarked that it seemed as if when the sun went down it set the ocean on fire, and the smoke was settling about them.

At 8 o'clock the first watch was set and still the same awful calm prevailed over the scene. "Don't go below," said the captain, as the men of the last dog watch left their stations, "you had better batten down the hatches now while there is nothing else to do, for you may be sure there will be work enough after awhile to keep you all busy."

The hatches were secured with thick tarpaulins, and then the men not engaged gathered about the wheel.

All sails save enough to work the ship were reefed, and the maintop lowered to the deck, where it was thought it would be safer. Ten o'clock came and still not a breath of wind. The ship lay upon the water like a dead thing, with the ropes and blocks and sails rattling and flapping as she was swayed to and fro by the lazy swells of the sea; and she boxed the compass more than once with her tiller, jerking the ropes upon the barrel of the wheel.

The captain and his mate had been standing at the taffrail a long time in silence. At last the young master spoke in a low, pathetic voice:

"Lem, we are about where the ill-fated Ocean Star, on which Eleanor and her mother were, was last sighted."

"Yes, Captain; I was just thinking of that. Do you suppose they went down, or——"

"Or were they murdered by the pirates?"

"Yes."

"Heaven knows, I would give worlds to know their fate. These seas are still the rendezvous for those fiends in human form."

In those days merchant ships that went unconvoyed to the West Indies, usually carried a full crew and arms. Many even had heavy guns aboard, so that they could either be a war vessel or honest merchantmen. The Eleanor had a crew of twenty-four men in addition to captain and two mates, making twenty-seven in all, and had four six and one nine-pounder on board, and was prepared to give any free rovers a hard fight should they meet with them.

Though no clouds had risen the dense haze completely obscured the stars, and in those tropical regions the night came on quickly. The blackness of Erebus, save where the phospherescent flashes came from the sea, was over the face of the deep. The lantern hanging on the binnacle gave out a ghostly, uncertain light, which seemed to fill the men with superstitious dread.

Hark! It was a puff of wind, and the air filled with flying spray. Then a low, dull roar, and the masts creaked and bent, the ship was down on her beam ends and the raging waves washing the decks. The voice of the captain, now heard distinctly and calmly above the raging storm, seemed to encourage his men.

If Luke Ravenwood had seemed filled with superstitious awe before the storm came, it was all gone as soon as they were menaced by real danger. The seamen who trembled at the thunder of the storm king's voice, became calm when the assuring tones of the young captain fell upon their ears.

The ship was already prepared when the storm struck, and there was nothing to do but wear ship, and with what sail they dared carry, scud before the wind, and fly from those great rolling seas which were continually chasing them in the wake.

For two hours the storm had raged. It was midnight now, and there was no sign of it abating. The first mate approached the captain and asked:

"Captain, do you know where we are?"

"I can only surmise from the noon calculation."

"Well, aren't we short of sea room?"

"Hush—in God's name! We are wearing the ship much as she will stand, but the danger—you know as well as I."

Suddenly some one in the forecastle cried:

"A light! A light!"

"Where away?"

"Three points to the lee'ard."

All could see the flare of a great light gleaming up out of the darkness.

"What do you think of it, Briggs?" the captain asked.

"It must be a light house."

"But I know of no light house in this latitude; we are in the vicinity of some of the uninhabited islands, are we not?"

"I thought we were."

"Then it cannot be a light house. It must be a beacon fire to guide ships to some safe port. At any rate I shall order the Eleanor headed for the light. How far off should you judge that light to be?"

"I should say from four to five miles; perhaps more," returned Briggs.

"So I think," added the captain. Casting his eyes about the horizon he thought it was lighting up and the storm abating.

"I thought so," responded the mate. "Now if it would only——"

He was interrupted by a cry from the bows which thrilled every soul with horror:

"Breakers! Breakers!"

Captain Ravenwood leaped forward and in a very few moments he was satisfied that it was no false warning; for the awful roar of breaking seas and the phosphorescent gleam of dashing waters made the fact too certain. As quickly as possible the top sail was taken off, and the anchors cut loose. The ponedrous graplings plunged into the hissing sea, and the iron cables were spun through the hawse-holes like lightning. Snap, went the starboard chain; and in a moment more a shock was felt as the larboard anchor found bottom. But it could not hold. The cable parted as though it had been a cord of rotten twine, and the devoted ship was swept on.

"In heaven's name!" gasped Briggs, "what does this mean? See! The light is still burning as brightly as ever—burning at least a league away—and yet here are the rocks directly under our bows! What can it mean?"

Luke Ravenwood did not answer; but an old weather-beaten sailor, who stood at the wheel, responded:

"It's a false beacon made by some o' the pirates. It ain't no time to fire a signal gun o' distress, sir. That light was put there to lure us to death."

"Breakers! Rocks! On the starboard bow! No! Larboard—Port!"

But no mortal power could save them. The ship struck with a crash, plunging deep into the raging foam. Then from out the darkness and much nearer than the light, there came high above the thunder and roar of breakers exultant shouts of fiends rejoicing in their ruin.

The shock was so great the lanterns were knocked down and they were in total darkness. Something struck the captain and he fell just as the hull of his beautiful ship was crushed to pieces, and the broken wreck washed ashore.

CHAPTER II.

A MYSTERIOUS FRIEND.

Often it is, when most utterly helpless, we are protected seemingly by Providence, or some guardian angel.

Luke Ravenwood was stunned, helpless, and only partially conscious from the blow of a falling beam, and tumbled forward into the long boat, that had been spared by the storm thus far. The boat was shaken from its davits, lifted on the waves and borne on the bounding waters toward the rocky beach.

He was just dimly conscious of lying helpless in the bottom and of clinging with a death grip to the seats, and of soaring high, sinking low, and bounding forward at the speed of a race horse, then of a loud crash, and all was again a blank.

When he regained consciousness there was a dull pain in his head and left shoulder. He found the sun shining directly in his face, and he was jammed between two great masses of rock and his position was very painful.

He tried to rise but could not at first for he was very weak. He now remembered the wreck of the ship and very naturally supposed that he had been thrown ashore, and perhaps had sustained injuries that would prevent his rising. He strove to cry out but was unable to bring any answer. Then he lay for a long time, the hot sun beaming down on his unprotected face.

After awhile he made another effort to rise and succeeded in getting out from between the stones. He discoverd that the boat had been driven between the rocks where it stuck fast and he had lain in it. No doubt the boat had saved his life, for had he struck the stones he would have been crushed to a jelly.

After a little he found no bones broken, but some severe bruises, and staggered to his feet.

He walked a short distance from the rocks and sat under the shade of a tall cliff of stone, and here tried to scan the coast. He saw pieces and bits of the wreck and the bodies of two of his brave crew, but not one had been spared. He was alone on a land of which he knew nothing.

A faintness came over him and he leaned against the rock only half conscious. He heard the sound of voices in the distance, but was too feeble to call to them. He waited a few moments and saw four or five men walking down by the beach. They were wild, ferocious looking beings. Four were white and one black.

Two carried guns in their hands and all wore pistols and cutlasses in their belts. Disagreeable companions as they might prove, Luke thought them better than none, and made frantic efforts to attract their attention. They, however, passed out of his sight.

Then he rose to his hands and knees and crawled to a cocoanut tree and lay in the shade of it. He found a fresh nut that had just been taken from the tree, or perhaps had been blown off by the storm the night before.

He cracked it between two stones and drank the milk, which he found sweet, cool and refreshing. It seemed to invigorate and strengthen him. He then proceedded to make a breakfast on the meat, and found his strength was rapidly returning.

The effects of the nervous shock having passed away, he was able to walk. He went up into the grove where he found more cocoanuts and drank all the milk and ate all of the fruit he wanted. Being considerably stronger he went down to the beach which was strewn with barrels and casks and all manner of pieces of wreck. His heart was saddened by an occasional sight of one of his beloved crew.

"I am all that is left," he said.

Chancing to look around he saw four men coming toward him. They had discovered him, and consequently there was no escape even had he desired to avoid them.

They hailed him and came hurriedly forward.

"Que son vos, usted?" called a great burly Spaniard.

Luke understood very little Spanish, and told him so.

"Do you speak English?" asked another of the group, a ruffian fully as repulsive as the man who had first addressed him.

"Yes, sir."

"Then who are you?"

"An American," he answered.

"Was that your ship that went to pieces on the rocks last night?"

"It was," he answered.

"Were you the captain?"

"I was."

"What was it loaded with?"

"Staves, flour and pork."

The rascals paused a moment, gathered in a group and held a whispered consultation in Spanish. Then one asked:

"How much money was aboard?"

Captain Ravenwood could no longer doubt the character of the men. Their anxiety in regard to the money and treasure betrayed them. He answered that there was twenty thousand dollars on board to purchase sugar, but that it no doubt all went to the bottom.

"You come with us," said the big burly fellow who spoke English. The men wore peculiar caps on their heads, their garb was fantastic, and every one was heavily armed with cutlasses and pistols. At the first glance he was convinced they were pirates, but to refuse their command would be folly. He was weak and unarmed, and resistance was out of the question, so he accompanied them.

One walked on either side and two walked behind him. They conversed in Spanish, of which he could just hear enough to know they were discussing the plausibility of dispatching him at once. But the prevailing opinion was that the matter should be deferred until they reached Bolidar. He shuddered for he well knew that Bolidar was one of the most notorious of all the pirates. It was he whom Lieutenant Allen of the Alligator had attacked when he was killed and he suspected it was a part of Bolidar's infamous crew that had slain his father.

They went down the beach and he saw two of his men with their heads cleft in twain by cutlasses, indicating that they had survived the wreck to fall by these merciless wretches.

"God in heaven, have mercy on me!" he mentally ejaculated, as he was hurried over the stony beach.

He saw the main part of the hull of his own gallant ship wedged in between two great rocks, the prow high in the air. As he gazed he saw the image of his loved Eleanor engraved on the prow was unharmed. With tears gathering in his eyes, he murmured:

"Oh, Eleanor! Lost Eleanor! I will soon be with you!"

Around a jutting headland they came upon three long boats with fifteen or twenty bucanneers in them or standing on the shore. They had brought away many articles which had floated from the wreck. A fourth boat with men, axes, saws and cables, was coming from out a harbor that was landlocked and so completely screened by dense mangroves that grew down to the water's edge, that there was little danger of it being seen.

The new arrival was a boat that had come with a crew and tools to break up the wreck which lay upon the rocks. About two miles away from the top of a tall cliff could be seen a thin column of smoke ascending up lazily into the sky, the remnant of the false beacon which had lured the gallant Eleanor on to her ruin.

"Come to this boat, you will go to our chief," said the gruff ruffian who spoke English.

Captain Ravenwood submissively took his seat in the stern and was soon skimming over the water as rapidly as eight strong oars could drive the boat up into the bay. In a short time they had rounded a point, shot through a neck of water, and were in a magnificent harbor surrounded by hills, mountains and forests. Within the harbor lay at anchor a large three-masted schooner, while on the shore near was a sort of temporary village made of bamboo huts and tents.

Back of this was the forest of mangroves and clustering vines too dense for the eye to penetrate.

The captain was taken ashore to a hut built just at the mouth of one of those large caverns for which the West India islands are famous.

In the hut sat a tall, dark-skinned man with black whiskers and eyes. His face was expressive of a hard life and a disappointment. He was embittered against the world and seeking revenge in a most terrible manner.

"Who have ye there?" he demanded in English.

"It's the master of the ship that was wrecked last night, Captain Bolidar."

"Aha! Well, sir," addressing Luke, "what is your name?"

"Luke Ravenwood."

"And your ship?"

"The Eleanor, bound to Porto Rico, sir."

"I care nothing for your cargo. Did you have any money aboard?"

"There was about twenty thousand dollars in gold to buy sugar."

"Do you think it can be recovered?"

"I doubt if it can from the position of the wreck."

After asking him a few more questions, he commanded them to take him to the cave.

"Stay here, Diego, the remainder go with him." Then when the others were gone the pirate chief, who styled himself the Sea King, asked:

"Diego, why did you not kill that fellow?"

"We supposed you wanted him alive, to tell of the gold."

"He has enlighted us but little. Knowing the amount will do us no good if we can't get it; you should have left him there with the others. Remember our motto is that dead men tell no tales."

"What shall we do with him?"

"Take him into the cave, blow out his brains, carry him through to the other outlet and throw the body on the rocks."

The pirate bowed and rejoined his companions with the prisoner. With torches to lighten the way, they were hurrying along the uneven stony way through the cavern.

After they had gone a long distance they came to a halt, and one of the men said:

"This is far enough."

He drew a pistol and stepped in front of the prisoner.

"What are you going to do?" asked Luke.

"I am ordered to blow your brains out; so you'd just as well shut your eyes and submit."

By a frantic effort he tore himself loose from the two who held him, knocked a third down, and started to run, when he stumbled over a pile of stones and fell, just as the pistol bullet whizzed over his head.

"Now we have him!" roared one of the buccaneers, and in a moment he was over the youth with uplifted cutlass.

"Hold!" cried a sharp voice and the cutlass descended upon another blade with such force as to emit a shower of sparks.

A youth—a mere boy, armed and dressed as a pirate, had suddenly appeared from some dark corner, and saved the young captain's life. Luke Ravenwood saw him by the light of the torch, and discovered that he was a handsome boy with long silken curls almost to his shoulders and bold, dark eyes.

CHAPTER III.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

"Berti!" gasped the pirate whose blow had been parried.

"Diego, you shall not harm him!"

"It is Bolidar's orders."

"I care not for the orders of Bolidar—this man's life shall be spared!"

Diego turned upon his companions who had crowded about him and said:

"Will you obey the orders of the chief, or will you let this boy rule you?"

"Back, back!" shouted the youth, drawing a pistol from his belt and cocking it. "By all the saints in the calendar I'll make a corpse of the man who dares harm his head."

"Berti, how shall we report this to our chief?"

"Tell him I am responsible for this man. I will take him to my chamber and there he will be secure. If you fear he will not, send two to guard us both. But, by my soul, he will not die now."

It was evdient to Captain Ravenwood that the youth wielded some powerful influence with the pirates. He was next to the chief in authority, if not his superior. At any rate he seemed to defy him.

A hurried consultation was held in Spanish and then some sort of a proposition, evidently a compromise, was proposed to the youth.

But he shook his head. He would not accept it, and after a little further discussion, they decided that the prisoner might be temporarily removed to the chamber alluded to, and they would report the matter to the chief.

Luke gazed into the bold, frank, open face of the youth, and could not but admire him. He was not to exceed eighteen or nineteen years of age, and his features so delicate they were really girlish. His form was lithe and supple, his shoulders broad and breast full, and his muscular arms denoted the strength and activity of a professional acrobat.

The captain was taken to the apartment set apart for the young fellow called Berti and he then told them to go away and leave them alone.

Two of the buccaneers remained in the passage to the grotto while the others went to report the extraordinary conduct of Berti to the chief.

When the youth was alone with the prisoner, he went to the mouth of the grotto and stretched a piece of tarpaulin over it, and, pointing to some mats and a lounge near, said:

"Sit down."

"Luke, who had been too much overcome with amazement to speak until now, asked:

"Who are you, my friend?"

"I am Berti, the only child of Bolidar, our chief."

"I owe my life to you."

"Aye, the rascals! I had told them you were not to be harmed. I saw you and was at your side when you lay unconscious under the shadow of the rock and I told them that you were not to be harmed."

"But your father will order me killed."

"Bolidar will do nothing which I oppose. I have as great influence over the men as he, and he knows it. I could destroy the colony here by a mutiny at any hour."

"Do you often brave the chief's wrath in this way?"

"No, this is only the second occasion I have had to do it. On the other occasion I won and I will win this time."

"Why did you spare my life while the crew was condemned to death?"

"It will all be answered in time. When I looked on you I felt here," laying his hand on his heart, "that you must live."

"Won't you tell me something of yourself? How long have you lived this life?"

The youth fixed his great dark eyes on him in a matter-of-fact sort of way, and said:

"Since my earliest recollection. There was a little while that I was in a school in America. My father placed me there. I stayed there five years, and then he came one night and took me away."

"Is your mother living?"

"No."

"How long has she been dead?"

"Since I was a child."

Then came a long, painful silence, broken by Luke asking:

"Do you know how long your father has lived this life of a pirate?"

The youth shook his head.

"There is some cause, some mystery; I caught but a glimpse of the man's face as he sat in his hut, but he seems one who had been soured with the world."

"Senor, I never ask to know the secrets and mysteries of my own life. I find myself here; I know no more. I act upon the promptings and dictations of my heart."

So mysterious, so strange and singular was the boy that the captain was strangely impressed with him. He asked him no more questions. He hourly expected the pirate chief to come and end his life, but though he watched closely, he saw nothing of Bolidar for several days. The boy was an almost constant companion. He seemed very intelligent and in this subterranean apartment had many books and pamphlets which he read to the prisoner. His friendship for the castaway seemed to grow stronger until it ripened into a passionate love.

Often Luke awoke from a sleep to find the youth gazing at him with a mysterious tenderness. One day he told the young captain that he had seen his father and had wrung from him a promise that his life should be spared, but that there might be some conditions to this leniency being granted.

For days Luke Ravenwood lived in a sort of dazed, confused sort of way, depending solely upon the youth and hardly thinking of planning for himself.

"I don't want you to go away from me," the youth said, sadly, "you are the only real sunlight that has ever shown upon my heart. I could not live away from you."

Then he told the youth that he would never forget his devotion and love. He called him his younger brother, and told him of the great world where men were honest and where there was no scenes of bloodshed, and Berti listened to these descriptions with rapture.

Oh, if he could hie away to some such scenes and live forever, what a paradise it would be!

Then he told Luke of wild scenes of carnage, of burning towns, sinking ships and praying lips, of roaring deeps and scenes splendid in their wild terror, that thrilled the blood and harrowed up the soul.

"Have you other prisoners, or am I the only one spared?" he one day asked.

The youth did not answer at once. He took time to think. He was still one of the buccaneers, and he had some consciencious scruples against betraying the trust. But when he fixed his eyes on the beloved prisoner, the man for whom he had risked so much, he decided to answer him, and said:

"Yes; they have spared prisoners before."

"Have they others now?"

After a moment he answered:

"One."

"Can I see him?"

"Not now," he answered, reluctantly.

"Is he kept in a cavern, like myself, where he can never see the blesed light of day?"

The youth nodded.

"Far from here?"

"No."

Then the unfortunate prisoner became sad. This other prisoner had perhaps as little hope, or even less than himself. Perhaps he had no such friend as Berti to protect and save him. After several moments' silence he asked:

"Will this prisoner be put to death?"

"I think not, senor."

"Are you his companion?"

"No, but there is one equally as strong."

"Who?"

"Bolidar."

It was strange that such a man as Bolidar should ever champion humanity for any one. The captain was very anxious to see the prisoner and after long persuasion Berti agreed to take him to a place where he might gratify his desire, on the condition that he was not to speak or make his presence known. Luke solemnly promised and was led out at a secret passage from the grotto along numerous underground corridors until they came suddenly upon a narrow entrance of one of the subterranean chambers covered with canvas.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

But some stubborn people wait until "down sick" before trying to ward off illness or cure it. The wise recognize in the word "Hood's" assurance of health. For all blood troubles, scrofula, pimples, as well as diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the effective and faultless cure.

Scrofula—*"I was almost bedfast with scrofula and catarrh. Had no appetite. Hood's Sarsaparilla soon made me stronger and later all the sores disappeared and catarrh stopped." Nellie Osman, 414 Lyon St., Des Moines, Iowa.*

Eczema—*"Since I was a child I have had eruptions on my body which our physician pronounced eczema. I took six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have had no return of the disease." Mrs. Ida M. Potter, Conneaut, Ohio.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

His companion pulled this aside and bade him look in. He did so.

The prisoner was a beautiful young woman with golden hair, and sad blue eyes. Her apartment was fitted up with Oriental splendor. She sat near the lamp, the rays of which fell on her wondrously fair face. He had scarce gazed upon it, when he gasped:

"My God, it is Eleanor! Eleanor Morris!"

CHAPTER IV.

AN INSULTING PROPOSITION.

For the time being Luke Ravenwood was almost paralyzed with his discovery. After his first exclamation he was silent and motionless. His companion heard his words and saw his emotion, but could not comprehend what it meant.

At first Luke could hardly believe his own eyes, and again and again turned his gaze upon that sad, sweet face to convince himself that he was not dreaming.

No, it was true. That face and that form he would know among ten thousand. She whom he had so long mourned as dead was alike, and in the flesh before him, for Luke was not superstitious enough to believe he was confronted by a ghost.

He staggered back against the stone wall of the cavern and covered his face with his hands while a flood of thought came over him.

"Come, we must go," whispered Berti, laying his hand on the arm of Ravenwood. "We dare not stay here longer. You promised me you would not speak to her."

Luke was a man of great self-composure. He was quick to draw conclusions and realized that for his own sake and the sake of the dear being whom he had discovered in such awful peril, he must preserve his composure.

He suffered Berti to lead him away to his own apartment, where he sat down to think. After a few moments he asked:

"Berti, my brother, you have been a true friend to me, and I love you as a brother. I know I can always depend on you."

"Oh, Senor Ravenwood," the youth whispered, with emotion swelling his heart, "I would die for you! If you only knew how ardently I love you, how willingly I would lay down my life for you, then that trust which rises in every true heart that loves would be yours."

"I trust you fully. You have not only saved my life, but you have given me information that must be unlawful for you to give any one. Perhaps you have endangered your own life by doing as you have. What you have entrusted me with will be kept sacredly locked in my own heart. Never, under any circumstances, even though I should be flayed alive, cut to pieces, will I betray you. But what I have seen whets my curiosity. I had supposed the prisoner a man, now I see it is a woman. How long has she been a prisoner?"

"About one year."

"Was she taken from a wreck?"

"No; she was taken from a ship that was captured at sea."

"Was she the only one spared?"

"No. I remember well the day of her capture. I was with my father on our schooner, the Sea Gull. We were in the Caribbean sea and the lookout discovered a sail and reported it to the officer on deck. My father went aloft and after a few moments came back and reported it was a large merchantman. Then visions of rich plunder was in the mind of every pirate on deck. We were soon gathered in the forecastle with every stitch of canvas spread to overhaul the doomed ship.

"She set all sail and flew over the deep, while we came close in her wake. The long bow gun was loaded, and a shot sent to bring them to. But they held on their course; we rapidly overtook her and the third shot struck the ship. Then the splinters flew in showers at every shot, until we had overhauled her sufficiently to use cannister, when we plowed her decks and swept off the men.

"I had been trained from earliest childhood to such work, and thought nothing of it. At last the ship brought to, and we came alongside, the graplings were thrown and we made fast. The white appealing faces of seamen and officers appeared over the rail begging for mercy, which made every pirate laugh. At a word from Bolidar we leaped over the vessel's side to the deck of the merchantman, and began shooting and cutting down every man before us. I kept at the side of my father as I had always done.

"The decks were soon cleared and Bolidar and I went to the after cabins, which were large and elegantly furnished. Here a sad sight met our view. On the bed lay a pale, emaciated woman, sick with consumption, and kneeling at her side was a young girl about my own age with blue eyes and hair of gold. Bolidar gazed on the face of the woman on the berth, and the point of his cutlass dropped to the floor. He seemed strangely moved, as if he had known her in days gone by.

"I never saw him so tender with prisoners before. In fact I never knew him to spare one.

"He went to them and spoke something too low for me to understand, and then left. The two women were carried to the Sea Gull and cared for and brought here. A few weeks later the elderly woman, who was the mother of the prisoner you have seen, died. She was buried on the hill above the cavern, and Bolidar and the senorita were the only mourners."

"Why does Bolidar retain the young woman?"

"Senor, she is to be his wife!"

"His wife! Will she marry him?"

"She must," declared Berti.

"Against her will?"

The youth shook his pretty head until the ringlets danced about his damask cheeks.

"There is no will here but Bolidar's. He is styled King of the Sea, and he rules with a hand of iron. All must bow to that will."

"And has he decided to make her his wife?"

"Yes, such is his intention, and he never fails to carry out his designs."

The prisoner's head dropped upon his hand, and only the greatest self-control prevented him from uttering a groan of agony.

"Do you know her? Have you ever seen her before?" asked Berti.

After a moment to collect himself he answered, very cautiously:

"I believe I have. I may be mistaken, but she looks like a girl I once saw in Boston. Do you know her name?"

"It is Eleanor Morris."

"Yes; I may have seen her, if she was from Boston."

"I believe her ship was from Boston," Berti answered.

Though the assumed indifference of Luke Ravenwood temporarily threw Berti partially off his guard, he saw that the captain was far more interested in the prisoner than he seemed.

Luke shrewdly changed the conversation to their own liberation. He painted a scene of peace and happiness which he hoped they would enjoy in America when they had escaped the pirates, and were at liberty to live in peaceful society.

"I will go with you, dear senor—go anywhere you will; just so you permit me to be ever by your side. Oh, I would be miserable away from you."

"You shall go with me, Berti, and ever be with me. I owe too much to you not to love you more than a brother of the flesh can."

Two days later the youth informed the prisoner that Bolidar would pay him a visit.

This was to be the first visit the pirate chief had made since his capture, and he looked to it with a great deal of interest. What could be the object of the visit? That the great murderer and villain made this visit with no good intention he was quite certain, and Luke Ravenwood looked upon the coming interview with great anxiety.

The day passed, however, and Bolidar did not come. Next day he heard a voice sounding like deep, suppressed thunder in the passage near, and a moment later the tall, stately form of the buccaneer chief stalked into the chamber.

"Well, senor," he said, in perfect English, "how are you faring as my guest?"

The young captain fixed his brown eye on the keen black orbs of the buccaneer chief, and said:

"I fare as well as one can, deprived of liberty."

"Deprived of liberty, senor? Don't imagine yourself a prisoner. You are my guest, not my prisoner."

"Guests are permitted to come and depart at will, but no such privilege is granted me. I am confined to the narrow limits of this subterranean chamber."

"Think nothing of that. I have heard of men who occupied dungeons far worse than this for many years. But it is not my wish that you should be kept beneath the earth all the time. Such confinement would in time impair your health. I want you to be free to enjoy the air, the sea and the sky, and have come to you with that idea in mind."

"Then I am not to be slain?"

"No; whatever put such a silly notion in your head?"

Luke could have told him that he had good reasons to believe that such were his original intentions, had he desired to do so, but he kept his opinions to himself.

"Were any of my brave seamen spared?" he asked, after a moment's thoughtful silence.

"No," Bolidar answered, with a sad shake of the head. "The sea is cruel, it claimed all. You alone was saved."

Ravenwood knew the scoundrel was speaking falsely. He had seen two of his brave men lying on the beach with their heads cleft in twain by cutlasses. He knew full well that it was the original design to slay him, but thought it best to keep this knowledge to himself. He knew also that there was no longer any necessity for beating about the bush with Bolidar, both understanding each other, and he said:

"You are Captain Bolidar, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have heard of you in the states."

"I did not know that my fame had spread so far," said Bolidar.

"You are more generally known as King of the Sea."

"I have been given that title by some, I believe," he answered.

"Captain Bolidar, there is no need for us to beat about the bush any longer; I know you, and you know me. Frankness and truthfulness will answer us better now than dissembling, when nothing is to be gained by it."

"I agree with you, scenor."

"You are the great pirate chief of the West Indies."

"Well, I am what is sometimes known as a free rover. I have two or three hundred brave men who will die for me and with me if need be. I can count on them. Your Commodore Porter has met some of them and I trust he has become satisfied of their mettle."

"If I am to be given my liberty, to be more favored than other prisoners whom you may have had in your possession, I am expected to do something in return?"

The face of Bolidar grew stern and dark and there was a wicked gleam in his keen, black eye, while the youth, Berti, who meanwhile had been silent, but near the prisoner, turned his eyes appealingly upon the captain.

"Yes," said the chief, in his deep, stern voice. "If you gain your liberty, if I spare your life, I shall expect you to serve me in some capacity."

"In other words, I am to join your band?"

"So senor! Become one of us, and you shall have your share of the profits which just now promise to be large. You shall have your liberty when you decide to become one of the Brotherhood of the Coast."

That Brotherhood of the Coast had for two hundred years been the terror and dread of the whole civilized world.

Should he join it? The proposition was an insult, but to refuse was death. But he felt it would be no harm to deceive the scoundrels and perhaps by becoming, or pretending to become one of their number, he might be better enabled to rescue the captive Eleanor.

He turned his eyes upon Berti and the youth's whole face was gleaming with anxious hope.

"Accept, accept!" he whispered, in the prisoner's ear.

Bolidar saw the act and heard the words, whispered though they were, and his dark face was again wreathed in a smile as he said:

"You seem to have charmed the boy, and it is well you won his friendship. Berti is all powerful among the men, but he could not save you, if it was known you had scorned our offered mercy."

Still Luke Ravenwood hesitated.

CHAPTER V.

"YOU ENCOMPASS HER RUIN."

The mysterious youth knelt before the captive, and raising his tearful eyes to the face of the young captain, said in a most pleading, earnest manner:

"Accept, oh, accept, senor. It is ruin and death not to accept. I know what the result will be; I love you, senor, for me accept."

The prisoner had in the meanwhile been busy making up his mind as to what he would do. He raised his eyes to the stern chieftain and said:

"It is needless for me to say that I have always abhorred the life you follow, you know that. That the men who make successful buccaneers must have the virtue of courage no one can deny. What change might come over me if once I engaged in such a calling we do not know, I might be metamorphosed as others have been, and be one of your most desperate men. I know that the fate of a pirate is death, if captured. I know that the life of a free rover is filled with excitement, riches, splendor, and it has its fascinations. I also know if I accept your offer I live, if I refuse I die, and but one course is open to me. I accept."

"Oh, thank you, thank you! You are saved, you have made me happy," declared Berti, throwing his arms about the neck of the prisoner.

"By zounds, you have bewitched the boy," declared the chief, while a strange smile played over his lips. "Now that you have given your consent to become one of us, no further initiation is necessary. We will treat you as one of us, so long as you are true to our interests, but I hope you will bear in mind that we will stand no trifling. At the first appearance of insurbordination, or an attempt at betrayal, will be your death."

"That is what I expect, sir. In the event of my betrayal of you I expect a bullet or a dagger at my heart at once."

"I am glad to see you appreciate the situation. Now, sir, you can come with me, and I will show you about our province, or rather my kingdom, for I am as absolute a monarch here as any who reigns on earth."

Luke Ravenwood accompanied the pirate chief with the youth Berti close at his side. They went a long distance underground, through many devious winding caverns, some so low they had to stoop and some of which the ceilings were so lofty the light from the torch failed to reach them.

At last they emerged in open air, and the light of the day falling upon the face of Luke almost blinded him at first.

After a few moments he became accustomed to it, and then he saw there was a valley extending up the bay in which was a considerable village. Here were women and children mingling with coarse, ruffianly men of every clime and nation. The Spaniard, the Portuguese, the Englishman, the American Negro, Italian, Lascars, Gascons and Portsmouth tars, and negroes black as Erebus, were mingling together in a democratic manner that would have suited the most extreme social equalitist.

There was an earthwork thrown up in front of the town on which was mounted two dozen ugly-looking, dark-mouthed cannon. A flag staff was near it, but no banner was flung to the breeze. The men and boys all wore belts at which were knives or cutlasses and pistols, while muskets with bayonets fixed were stacked near the great guns.

"You see," said the king, pointing to the array about the youth, "I am prepared to defend my kingdom. Look on that beauty in the bay," pointing to a large, trim schooner, with low, dark hull, and long, tapering masts, "there is my sea palace. When I choose to make a voyage I go in state, travel in my own ship. There is not a craft afloat that can equal her speed. The fleets of the world are welcome to catch me on the sea if they desire. I was once chased by three men-of-war, and led them out in a string three leagues apart according to the measure of their speed, when I turned on the first and sunk her before the second could reach her. The second was in flames ere the third could come to her relief, and when the third put about on her best sailing quarter and fled, we pursued her and sunk her at our leisure. In this safe hiding place we have been sought in vain by all the great powers. Here we are safe. So snugly hidden is this inlet that none can find us."

"I perceive, sir, that it is very neatly concealed. A fleet might sail past this harbor a hundred times without discovering the inlet. As a sailor I am curious to know how you get your vessel into the harbor."

"That, sir, is accomplished only by the best seamanship. If we have the tide to help us we can run in with the current by having a skilled man at the wheel. If the tide is not in our favor we have been able to catch headway enough from the wind to come in some distance, and we warp her in the remainder of the way."

The pirates began to gather about them now, and the Sea King introduced the new recruit. A mulatto named Constelling was first lieutenant and a low-browed, ill-looking Englishman, called John Brown, was second or third in command.

"This is Luke Ravenwood, our new recruit, Lieutenant Brown; take him to the arsenal and furnish him arms. No gentleman appears on the street without a sword and pistol at his side."

The low-browed, sullen Englishman led the way up the street with the new recruit at his heels, and the youth following close after. They came to a sort of a cave cut in the face of asolid rock, with an iron door in front of it.

The lieutenant opened the door with a ponderous key, and swinging it back, revealed a large apartment in which was an enormous array of arms of every kind, with boxes, kegs and barrels of ammunition.

"Every man is allowed to select his own weapons," the Englishman chuckled while his dark, bearded face seemed doubly diabolical. "The capen wants 'em all to have that which they kin do best with."

Luke Ravenwood had practiced with swords and cutlasses, and after some little trouble selected a blade that was keen and heavy; one that could be used for either cutting or thrusting. Then came the selection of a brace of pistols. After an examination, which proved him to be an expert in such weapons, he chose a pair of long, slender-barreled pistols. The locks were of the latest pattern, the flints and pans were neatly and correctly made, and the barrels rifled. He was given the molds, some lead and a ladle to run his own bullets, with a horn of powder and some flannel for wadding.

"Now, you are fixed, shipmate," said the lieutenant. "See what ye kin do."

"Is pistol practice permitted? I would like to become familiar with the weapons I am to use."

"Oh, yes, upon the ridge there in the mangroves you can find targets in abundance, and the captain don't care how skilled his men become. Here's a gun, if you want it."

Ravenwood took the gun, though he believed it would only be in his way. At any rate he could throw it away when he became tired of it.

"Come with me and I will help you mold your bullets," said Berti.

With flint and steel the youth soon kindled a fire and they proceeded to run the bullets for the pistols. When they had made forty, they went to the grove alluded to. It was a high plateau, a mile from the village, and surroundded by a dense forest of mangroves, which it was almost impossible to penetrate.

A solitary tree, standing apart from the others, was selected as a target. With his knife Ravenwood clipped a white spot on the bark, and stepping off thirty paces, he raised one of the pistols and fired.

"Bravo! Almost in the center!" cried Berti, who ran to see the effect of the shot.

"The pistol holds well to the spot. Now, let me try the other." Berti stepped back and he sent a second shot within half an inch of the first.

"They are excellent. I will now reload and try them at forty paces."

The weapons held up well, and he continued to increase the distance until he found he was tolerably accurate at a hundred yards.

"Senor, with a very little practice you will be the best shot on the island. It is very necessary that you reach that at once,

(Continued on page fifteen.)

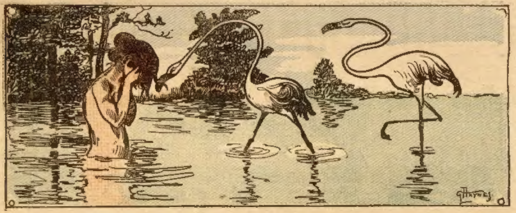
BLOOD CURE SENT FREE

A Free Trial Treatment Sent Privately by Mail to All Who Suffer.

A Remarkable Remedy for a Terrible Affliction---The Cure Is Permanent.

A free trial treatment is being sent out by the State Medical Institute in order to demonstrate the fact that the most horrible of all diseases can be cured. There is a good deal of controversy over this subject among those who declare the disease incurable but the facts are indubitable and must be acknowledged. The action of this new remedy is peculiar. The physician in charge of the institute has had a long and varied experience treating this disease of the blood and about two years ago after a long series of experiments he found the exact specific that offsets the poison, renders it lifeless and eliminates it from the body. Having personally examined many hundreds of cases and familiarized himself with every detail of the disease, his discovery came naturally and has never failed him. One of his recent cures was a most hopeless case, the disease having caused the hair to fall out and the body was one mass of putrescent sores, boils, blotches and unsightly disfigurements. In ten days the entire outer skin was healed and there was noticeable improvement in all other respects. A brief continuation of the remedy brought about a radical cure.

The free trial treatment has saved a great many who otherwise were doomed to early destruction and it was this object which induced the Institute to make the offer. In all cases where the sores have become characteristic of the disease, the sufferer fully realizes the name and nature of his or her affliction but a great many who have inherited the disease or who have recently contracted it should ask the Institute for their 44 page book describing fully the disease and also explaining the action of their new remedy Sifilide. Send your name and address to the State Medical Institute, 151 Bass Block, Ft. Wayne, Ind., and they will forward, prepaid, a free trial treatment that will bring to the sufferer such wonderful relief, such an ecstatic feeling of joy for the improvement shown as to fully compensate for the suffering and despair that previous failure has caused. Write today without fail.



A WOMAN SCORNED.

Earl Alston's Bride---Driven Forth Into the World Upon Her Wedding Night---The Serpent in Love's Eden.

By ELLA MARTIN,

Author of "Not His First Love," "A Brave Coward." Etc.

(Copyrighted, 1899.)

SYNOPSIS.

Alston Hall stands close to the Atlantic shore. Lady Alston tells Earl, her only son, that she flirted with Count de Villfray before her marriage, and that the count had sworn vengeance and afterward murdered her husband, Earl's father. She had left the Alston estate in England for fear of the count and brought Earl and Edith, her daughter, to live in the secluded old house on the New England coast. Virginia, the supposed child of a dead friend, lost in a wreck at sea, is adopted by Lady Alston. Virginia had a brother, but he had not been found. Earl Alston vows vengeance on Count de Villfray for the murder of her father. Virginia, beautiful and cruel, overhears Lady Alston's confession and also Earl's statement that he loves Lillian Dorne, a beautiful but poor seamstress. Virginia is in love with Earl, and plots to destroy Lillian. Edith is impressed with Henry Ashmore, the handsome coachman of the Alstons. Earl is married to Lillian Dorne and brings her home to Alston Hall. Karl St. Clair is summoned by Virginia. He has a lovely wife and resides near by. He and Virginia have done Lillian a wrong in the past, and Virginia demands that he shall now aid her in separating Earl and his bride. Karl declines and threatens to throw Virginia into the sea; he defies him with a dagger and certain incriminating papers which she holds. Karl decides to take Inez, his wife, and fly to Europe. Virginia sends Inez the incriminating papers with instructions to examine them when at sea. Earl, in the evening of his wedding day, is summoned to the bed of Jules Monteray to hear his dying confession. Lillian wanders restlessly outside the gate of Alston Hall that night. A man apears to her who claims he is her husband. She flies to her chamber and in the morning the stranger is found lying dead near the gate, stabbed in the back by Virginia, who lays the murder on Lillian.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARL ALSTON'S RETURN.

Another morning dawned, a morning dark and gloomy, with thick clouds obscuring the sun, and a damp chill in the air that betokened rain.

Inside the Hall all was confusion; the servants were huddled together, talking in excited whispers, and Lady Alston was in a state of nervous prostration which required Edith's constant attention.

The cause of all this excitement was the fact that the body of the murdered man had been found outside the wall that surrounded Alston Hall. No suspicion, however, had fallen on any of the inmates of the Hall. The body had been removed by the authorities, and a great mystery was felt over the discovery of the murdered stranger. The fact that he was found dead by the roadside in the vicinity of Alston Hall had no significance in the minds of the villagers.

It was not the bare fact that a murder had been done that had brought about the illness of the mistress of the Hall, though that in itself were terrible enough. But shortly after the discovery of the body was made, Virginia Winfield entered, with her peculiar, gliding motion, the boudoir of Lady Alston; and a half hour later when she left the room, a blot lay on the proud name of Alston, a shadow of shame lay over Alston Hall.

In her own apartments Lillian knelt with clasped hands, her white face buried in the downy softness of a silken couch, her golden hair streaming in a shower of glory over her white dress. Ever and anon a moan, pitiful to hear, broke from her tense lips. She had not dared to face the family since last night, for she feared her altered appearance would draw forth comment, and she felt that she could not bear it. Her story must be told, there was no alternative; but only to Earl, who loved her, could she tell it. Ah, what a rock of refuge his love was! How glad she was that someone loved her, someone who would protect and shield her henceforth, who would make her forget the past and all its darkness and despair.

How brave and noble and loving he was, this young master of Alston Hall! But how could she summon courage to tell him?

"I must! I must!" she moaned. "I am not his wife. If I were, I would carry the secret to my grave. But he is so tender, so loving that I need not fear to make a confession to him."

The day grew on apace, and the rumble of thunder, which heralded a storm, shook the old house, and the lightning cleft the sky in sharp, jagged streaks.

"Oh, I hope Earl will reach home before the storm bursts," she exclaimed, starting to her feet and peering from the window anxiously. "It is time he was here. Oh! he must come soon; it is already growing dark."

In her anxiety for his welfare she forgot for a moment her position in the house.

Her rooms did not face the front of the building, so she did not see the master of the Hall as he rode into the grounds just before the storm burst in all its fury. The first rain drops began to fall as Earl sprang from his horse and threw the reigns to the waiting groom, who led the panting animal to the stables. Earl turned and ran up the damp stone steps, and was immediately admitted by Gibbons. It was evident from his appearance that he had heard the news, but he asked no questions.

"Sir," said the butler, "your mother wishes you to go directly to her boudoir; she must see you, she says, before you go to your wife."

Earl wondered a little at this strange request, but decided to obey the summons. His mother was doubtless quite upset by the tragedy of the previous night.

"Poor, dear mother," he murmured, "she is so proud, and she doubtless fancies this murder, which occurred so near the Hall, will leave a stigma on the old name. But," he added, proudly, "the name of Alston is above reproach, and no breath of suspicion can ever touch it."

He at once ascended the broad, mahogany steps which led to his mother's rooms, but his thoughts were of Lillian. He was impatient to see his bride, to hold her in his arms, and kiss her luscious lips.

An hour passed, a full hour, during which Earl was closeted, as it were, with his mother, then, white and haggard, he staggered into Lillian's presence. There was a horror burning in his eyes, and a mad, passionate fire in his heart. He was not himself, and was hardly responsible for what followed.

Lillian, who was walking the floor restlessly, sprang toward him with outstretched hands, a gentle solicitude in her voice as she cried out:

"Oh, Earl! What has happened to you? Why do you look so white and wild?"

But Earl shrank away from her, warding off her outstretched hands by extending his own with a gesture that warned her not to touch him.

"Don't—don't touch me," he said, in hoarse tones, and she recoiled involuntarily, for the change in him told her that he knew something of the truth and that he was not inclined to forgive her.

She made no further attempt to approach him, but stood silent and erect before him, like some figure carved in marble. A great calmness had settled over her, and in her heart was a hopeless despair which amounted almost to recklessness.

And thus they stood regarding each other, while the roar of the storm outside filled the night; and the howling of the wind, the downpour of the rain, the vivid lightning, followed by the loud claps of thunder were never forgotten by either.

The silence was oppressive, the silence that had fallen between them while they stood regarding each other, listening, although unconsciously, to the noise of the storm.

Then Lillian could bear it no longer, and cried out:

"Speak, Earl! I conjure you! Why do you torture me like this? Why do you keep me in suspense? What have you to say to me?"

"Nothing," he answered, coldly. "I have nothing to say to you, and only one question to ask, which I command you to answer truthfully. I shall be able to learn in time whether you tell me the truth, and falsehood will not avail you in this."

"Earl!"

"Silence! Answer me: Was that man—you know whom I mean—your husband?"

A gasp parted the white lips of the beautiful girl, but no other sound come from them, but her great, pansy eyes were fixed in supplication upon the stern man, who had sworn, but a few days since, to love and protect her.

"Answer me!" he commanded, sternly.

"Oh, how did you learn it?" she gasped out, almost unconsciously. "Who besides myself could have known of it?"

"Answer me, yes or no, if you please."

"Yes, Earl, it is true. I will tell you all now. Someone must have played the spy last night. I would rather you had heard it first from me."

"No doubt of that," he said, in a cold, hard voice," no doubt you have a story already contracted, adventuress that you are."

"Earl! Earl!"—she cried, in a hoarse, strained whisper, as she darted forward and flung herself at his feet; and clasping her hands about his knees, she turned her lovely white face up to his. And her great, pathetic eyes were filled with unshed tears.

"Oh, Earl, hear me! I know it looks black for me, but do not judge me without a hearing. Do you no longer love me, dear?"

"Love you?" he cried, in tones of loathing. "Love a creature like you!"

He tore himself loose from her clinging hold, and drew farther away from her.

Lillian's fair, golden head drooped till it rested on her clasped hands, and a faint moan issued from her lips.

"It is enough," he said. "You need say no more. You deceived me, and I can believe the rest now."

"The rest?" She raised her head and gazed at him blankly, her eyes filled with a dumb agony that might have touched a heart of stone. "The rest, Earl? What is the rest?"

He laughed, a hard, cold laugh, that struck a chill to the heart of the kneeling girl.

"As if you didn't know," he said. "But to convince you that I know, I will tell you that there was a witness to your interview with your husband last night, and one who saw you strike the fatal blow, and watched where you hid the weapon.

"You understand now how useless it is for you to try to deceive me further. I know you for what you are—a murderess. And no Alston ever shielded a criminal."

Hitherto Lillian had knelt there, dazed and bewildered, on account of the coldness he exhibited toward her; but now when she knew that he believed her guilty of murder, she sprang to her feet and stood before him, her head erect, her dark eyes flashing, and her small hands clenched till the marks of the nails were deeply indented in the soft, white flesh.

"You believe that?" she cried, in tones ringing with indignation. "You dare to think that of me? You dare to accuse me of murder—you who stood beside me at the altar and took upon yourself the vows of a husband?

"True, they are not binding now, but I was as innocent as you. I was never his wife in anything but name, and I believed him dead. But I shall always be grateful to him for having been alive, notwithstanding the miserable past; for I should have been your wife but for him—your wife."

"Yes, but for him, you, a murderess and adventuress, would have been my wife, the wife of an Alston, of an earl—do you understand me?—an earl. You came near bagging bigger game than you ever dreamed of, for instead of wedding merely the master of Alston Hall, you married an earl; for, though it is not generally known, I am Lord Alston, the last of a noble race.

"But the marriage is not binding, I had a narrow escape, and I thank heaven that you are not my wife."

"And I, too, thank heaven that I am not your wife," retorted Lillian. "I would rather die than be the wife of a contemptible coward and snob."

When harsh words like these pass between two who have loved each other, the freshness and beauty have gone from that love forever. It is like brushing the down from a pecah.

Already the leaven of bitterness was working in poor Lillian's soul. The girl in her had died during the strain of the past few hours, and she was a woman now—a woman hardened and embittered by means of a wounded love. Never would she be the same again—never in all the years to come.

"I had meant to give you up to justice," said Earl, while the hot blood mounted to his face at her stinging words, "but I will give you one chance for your life—that of flight. It is not for your sake that I spare you, but for the sake of the name of Alston, on which never before rested a blot or a stain. It must not be known that an Alston ever married an adventuress. I shall go abroad, the world must think that we went together. When I return the world must be told that my wife is buried abroad.

"Oh!" he added, "that I should be obliged to dissemble in order to save the old name from disgrace."

"Hear me, oh, my lord of Alston," said Lillian, tragically, and there was a sneer in her voice when she pronounced that name. "I am innocent. I do not ask you to believe that; if by raising my hand I could make you believe in me, I would not raise it. But it is true that someone is guilty, some one who hates me and seeks my ruin. I shall spend my life in trying to bring the crime home to the real culprit. Then when it is accomplished you shall see me again, my lord, and the world shall know the story of this night. The world, of which you stand so much in awe, shall know how an Alston, the last of his race, accused the woman he had sworn to protect of a heinous crime, and drove her forth to face the world, friendless, helpless and alone."

Earl's face grew white as death, and then flushed deeply as the words left her lips.

It was a striking picture, the rich, luxurious room, with its heavy tapestry, richly embroidered in gold; its soft, silken couches and thick rugs, strewn in profusion over the polished oaken floor; and in the center Lillian standing, looking like an outraged queen, with streaming golden hair and eyes dilated with anger and pain; while Earl stood before her stern and accusing; and over all the soft glow of the wax lights fell.

There was a moment of silence, then Earl sprang forward and caught her delicate wrist in a vise-like grip.

"I do not believe in your innocence," he said, in low, tense tones, "and you shall not longer disgrace this house by your presence; the very atmosphere is contaminated by it, the very air is poisonous to me."

He dragged her to the door and flung it back. It opened into a veranda whose trellis-work was overgrown with shining, green ivy vines entangled with vivid passion flowers, now dripping wet with the rain.

"Go!" he said, loosening his hold on her arm. "Alston Hall shall not shelter a murderess."

Lillian raised the hand he had just freed on high, and cried out in a passionate voice:

"Never will I forgive you for this cowardly deed, though the day will come when you will sue for pardon at my feet. My

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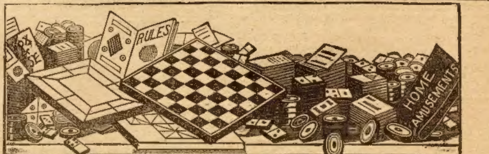

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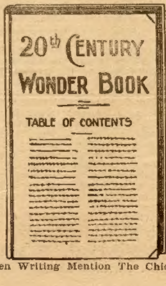

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curse upon you, Earl Alston, and upon Alston Hall forever!"

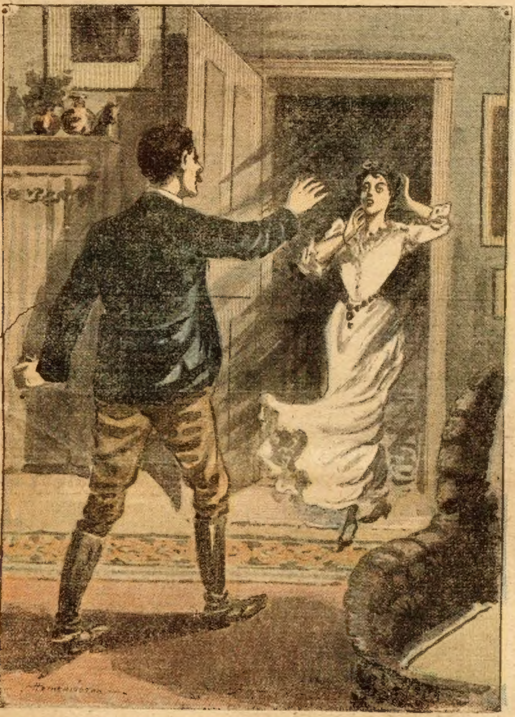
As soon as these words were ended, she darted away from his side out into the night and the storm.

As her white-robed figure disappeared in the darkness, a sudden change of feeling swept over the young lord of Alston, a realization of his harshness, a conviction of her innocence, and he seemed to awake from a nightmare of madness, and involuntarily he sent a cry after her fleeing form, a cry full of repentance and longing.

"Lillian, Lillian, Lillian!" Like a bugle note it sounded clear and loud, but was swallowed up in the roar of the storm, never reaching poor, frightened Lillian's ears.

Just then a vivid flash of lightning cleft the sky, and showed him the white figure fleeing straight toward the rock-bound coast, where many feet below the jagged rocks, the inky black waters of the Atlantic boiled and foamed in perfect fury, as the huge waves dashed themselves against the cliffs.

"My God—the sea!" he cried.



"Go!" he said. "Alston Hall will not shield a murderess."

Then as flash after flash followed, and he stood there staring straight ahead, powerless to move and knowing full well that he could not avert the fate she had marked out for herself, even though he should give chase, for the ocean was nearly reached now and she was lost, something seemed to snap in his brain, his strength left him, and he could scarcely stand, though he seemed powerless to move hand or foot. He dreaded what the next streak of light would reveal, but he held his breath until it came. And then a cry escaped him, for it showed him Lillian on the very verge of the cliffs, her white dress all drenched with the rain, and clinging about her slender, graceful form, and her golden hair wet and straight.

He put out his hand as if to stop her, then it fell powerless to his side, and he waited for the next flash of lightning. It came and was gone in an instant, but it showed him what he had dreaded, namely, the barren rocks only, for the white-robed figure was no longer in sight. He knew then that the hungry sea had swallowed it up, and with a low mian of despair he fell across the wet veranda, his face buried in the trailing, dripping-wet vines.

And thus he was found in the early morning unconscious.

But when Henry, the coachman, was wanted to drive to the village for a physician, he could not be found.

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW MAID.

Karl St. Clair and his wife reached the port where they were to take a certain steamer, in safety. But they arrived there just an hour too late. The steamer had left the dock, and the one of all on earth most anxious to embark was left behind.

Was it the work of Fate? Afterward Karl locked back upon what he now regarded as a dire calamity, and saw in it what he termed the hand of Fate.

But just now he realized as he never had before the full import of the words, "too late."

He must wait in the city now until the departure of the next seamer, and what might happen in that length of time? He could scarcely hope to escape Virginia's vengeance if once she discovered their whereabouts. She must be aware of their flight by this time, he reasoned, and he knew that she would try to outwit him. She would, if possible, put the secret which had caused him to flee into his wife's hands. This thought gave him untold anxiety.

Ah, if he had but known that his wife had at that very moment the packet of papers with which Virginia had threatened him, in her possession, his anxiety would have increased tenfold. But he might have put the knowledge to some account, for difficult as it would have been to abstract the papers from his wife's reticule without exciting suspicion, he woud have done so at all hazards, and the flames would have been their next receptacle.

Inez, however, had forgotten all about the packet, not having had occasion to open her reticule.

They were putting up at an obscure boarding house, for Karl knew that if Virginia tried to seek him out he could easily be found if he took rooms at one of the leading hotels.

He went out later to seek for someone who would act as companion to his wife. It was a difficult task he had before him; he knew it would not be easy to find a woman who would be willing to go on such short notice across the Atlantic with them.

He made inquiries and did what else he could toward obtaining what he wanted, but without the least show of success.

It was getting dark, and he had turned his steps in the direction of his stopping place, when he came face to face with Henry Ashmore, the coachman from Alston Hall.

Karl St. Clair started back at the sight of him, and involuntarily uttered his name. But for that Henry might have passed him unnoticed, so intent was he upon his own purposes. But when he heard his name spoken in that tone of surprise and alarm, he turned and, beholding Karl, uttered an exclamation in as great astonishment as had the other.

Karl's first thought was that Henry was an emissary of Virginia Winfield; but noting that the other's surprise was genuine, he felt relieved.

"You are the last man I expected to see in this city, Mr. St. Clair," said Henry, thinking to explain his surprise. "I did not know you were absent from home, though I had not seen you since the night my master was married."

Karl longed to ask how things were at the Hall, he wanted to know whether Virginia had taken any steps toward finding him, and what she had done toward undermining the happiness of Earl Alston and his bride; but he dared not ask the questions, lest he should betray his interest in affairs at the Hall to the intelligent coachman.

If he could have known the state of affairs at Alston Hall he would have been surprised into forgetting his own trouble, and he would have been horrified beyond expression.

But how could he know that only last night Lillian Dorne had flung herself from the rocky shore of the treacherous Atlantic, that Earl Alston, whom everybody thought the soul of honor and nobility, had mercilessly driven her out into the raging storm in cold blood, accusing her of the worst of crimes—that of murder? And that she, who once had loved him, had left her curse upon him and upon Alston Hall? How could he know that the master of the Hall lay near to death's door in consequence, with the name of Lillian ever upon his lips, and in his delirium crying out that he had driven her to her death, that he should see her no more till the sea gives up its dead?

If he had known all this he would have believed that Virginia, wicked and unscrupulous as he knew her to be, could not have worked such havoc in so short a time, if the foundation for the tragedy had not been already laid.

He had helped lay the foundation, and it was well for his peace of mind that he did not know the truth.

There was nothing more to be said between the two men, but each appeared to be unsatisfied; each seemed to have something to say which he hesitated about saying.

Finally Henry, who appeared to be the braver of the two, said, hesitatingly:

"May I ask you, Mr. St. Clair, not to mention having met me here? I did not ask for leave of absence, as I could not make any explanations, though my motive was a good one. I thought, you understand, that it is just possible you might mention it casually, and so I asked you."

"I will cheerfully grant your request," replied Karl, heartily. "In fact, I shall not return for some time and I would like to ask the same favor of you; and I know I can trust you not to mention to anyone the fact that you saw me here."

"You may rely on me, Mr. St. Clair," answered Henry. "But pardon me if I seem inquisitive, but I have an object in asking. Are you going away?"

"Yes, I sail in three days with my family; but I do not wish it known. I have good reasons, of course, and I can trust you, Mr. Ashmore?"

"You can trust me, Mr. St. Clair," answered Henry. "And," he added, "I have a great favor to ask of you. I have a young friend who wishes to leave this country. She is an orphan, and desires to secure the position of lady's maid, or something of the kind, when she has crossed the ocean. If I might venture to ask you to take her into your care and help her to secure a position——"

"Say no more," broke in Karl, quickly; "nothing could have happened that would suit me better. I have been all day searching for one who could be induced to attend my wife during our absence. You see, her maid was about to leave her service in order to be married, so when we left she remained behind. What she wants now is someone who will be a sort of a companion to her, and also help her look after Leo.

"Let me see your young friend at once. I am sure anyone whom you recommend will suit."

"Thank you for saying that," replied Henry. "I am sure she will suit you, and if you will give me your address I will take her there tomorrow. I must see her first and have her make ready for the journey."

For a moment Karl hesitated. Was this but a part of a plot to discover his wife's whereabouts to Virginia? It seemed very strange that the coachman from Alston Hall should have a friend whom he was seeking to aid at this particular time. Would the friend whom he was to bring tomorrow prove to be Virginia Winfield? If so, all would be lost; his wife would be put in possession of his secret, and she would turn away from him. His beautiful Inez would look upon him with loathing and contempt. Oh, he could not bear it! He would rather die than be obliged to part from the woman he loved a thousand times dearer than his own life.

He knew that Virginia would hesitate at nothing to gain her purpose. But Henry—could he believe ill of him? No matter, he would be on the safe side and trust no one just now.

"Give me your address," he said, "and I will call tomorrow for the young lady's answer."

Henry unhesitatingly complied.

"I will call early," said Karl, as he took the card on which Henry had written the address, "so that I can continue my search in case she should have any objections to accompanying us."

"There will be no danger of that; she will be only too glad of the opportunity. She will have some shopping to do, however, and may not be able to take up her abode with you until you are ready to leave the city."

Then the two men parted, both elated over what they termed their unprecedented luck.

Karl hastened back to his rooms to impart his success to his wife. He did not wish to be long absent from her, for he was so conscious of Virginia's power that he wanted to be ever by Inez's side; then if Virginia should find him out he would prevent her delivering the packet at all hazards.

He had requested his wife to see no one in his absence, and he believed she would obey him; still, Virginia might contrive to get the packet delivered to her.

Another installment of this very interesting romance will appear in next week's Ledger.

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Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, wife of the American ambassador in St. Petersburg (formerly minister in Vienna), was presented to the czarina ashort time ago. The dress which she wore is of dove-gray crepe de chine, with applications of real lace and pearl paillettes on the overdress, and with ruches and flounces of the same material on the underdress, the whole made over gray silk. The high bodice is slightly draped, and has an empiecement of real lace, decorated with the tiniest of lavender ribbons, and finished off at the neck and waist with folds of lavender silk.

An evening dress made for her is very beautiful. The foundation is of black silk, finished off with alternate flounces of narrow black-and-white net. The overskirt is of black tulle, with applications of net, the whole worked with moonbeam glitter. The bodice is high and slightly draped with a jabot of the finest black tulle intermixed with two shades of turquoise-blue chiffon and finished off with the narrowest of waistbands.

Then there is a traveling costume of red chocolate-brown cloth, trimmed with pearl-gray velours miroir, tufted with chenille the color of the cloth. The blouse is of pearl-gray taffeta, embroidered in applications in same color, and finished off with a jabot of gray mousseline, with real lace insertions. Mrs. Tower is one of the most beautifully gowned women at the Russian court.

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THE VANISHING MEN.

Sharp Detectives Baffled---A Mystery of the Air---Playing at the Hazardous Game of Life and Death.

By MARO ROLFE,

Author of "The Crystal Sphere," "The Wooden Indian's Widow." Etc.

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SYNOPSIS.

Ralston Sprague, supposed murderer of Brantford Murrie, is pursued by Detectives Siddons and Dill. They corner him in a room of the top floor of a nine-story building, when he mysteriously disappears. Again they follow Sprague into a church and up the interior of the spire where he again disappears. They are dumbfounded. Ralston Sprague wants to marry Alicia Fitz-Allen, a rich heiress. The detectives are mystified and baffled by further evidence that Sprague and his pals have the power to vanish at any time. It is evident that the clique of crime have discovered unheard of means to escape.

CHAPTER IX.

HE WIRED IN AND WIRED OUT.

When Amsdell told Dill and Siddons that he and Marston had a story to tell that was more wonderful than all that had happened recently in the case of Ralston Sprague, Stanley Dill was somewhat incredulous and Toncray Siddons put his doubts in vigorous language.

"Well," persisted Amsdell. "Read the letter to begin with. That may be of a part with the rest."

Dill was already opening the envelope which bore this superscription in a neat, bold hand:

"Mr. Stanley Dill. Kindness of Mr. Senter Marston."

"You see, he has us all down fine," commented Marston. "How he knew me or my name, I can't give a good guess. He spoke to Amsdell here as 'Cyrus, my dear boy,' so you see he was posted about him, too."

Dill was holding Ralston Sprague's letter in a trembling hand and devouring its contents with a tense eagerness.

It began, "My dear Mr. Stanley Dill," and ran thus: "My condolence for your bad luck at the telegraph pole. You are quite unequal to the game you are trying to play and you must now be convinced that you are fated to lose. I could have killed you and others of your party easily long since, but I have no wish to draw your blood. I am a business man, not a thug. I am able to make it an object to you to treat with me on a business basis, and I am willing not only to turn a nice bunch of money your way, but to satisfy your ambition at the same time. To be plain, I can put it in your way to solve the mystery of the murder of Brantford Murrie; and that is something you will never accomplish, so long as you waste your time making it uncomfortable for me. Address me as before and be wise enough to have a square talk with me. You know by this time that I mean you no personal harm. I am, my dear Mr. Dill, the man you know as Ralston Sprague."

Dill read this message twice, then folded it and put it in Siddon's outstretched hand.

Siddons read it carefully and handed it back.

Neither of the two detectives commented on the letter.

"Now, Marston," asked Dill, "why did not you two men make that man a prisoner?"

"I told you we could not do it," answered Marston, "and Amsdell intimated that we had had some experiences that eclipses everything that has happened lately. When you know about them, you will understand——"

"If you have had any experiences that lay over ours tonight," broke in Siddons, "I would like to know what they are."

"And so would I," added Dill, dryly.

"I will tell you about it," said Amsdell.

"Go on. Now, what time was it when Ralston Sprague came out and gave you the letter?" asked Dill.

"About 10 o'clock this evening."

"Was he alone?"

"All alone." Amsdell hesitated a moment as if to collect his thoughts, then continued:

"He addressed us as suavely as if he had believed us two of his best friends instead of two detectives on his trail.

"After he had handed the letter to Marston with the remark Marston repeated to you, he added:

"'Of course you gentlemen won't want to make me any trouble until your chief reads my letter.'

"I grabbed him by the collar of his coat and the coat came off of his body, leaving the sleeves on his arms, and he squirmed away and ran into the house he had come out of."

"And the part of the coat you captured? Where is that?" inquired Dill.

"There is that package on the desk."

Dill opened the package and found not one partial coat, but two.

"What about this second coat body?" he asked.

"That's part of the same story," Marston volunteered. "It gets more interesting further on."

"Well," Amsdell went on, deliberately, "I suppose you won't believe this, but it was not more than three minutes after he disappeared in the front door, coatless, except as to his arms, before he walked calmly down the steps of a house on the opposite side of the street, dressed exactly as he had been dressed when he had appared bringing the letter."

"You say that within three minutes after he went into the house you were watching, he came out of another house on the opposite side of the street—is that what you mean?" was Dill's slow, wondering question.

"That's it exactly."

"And you didn't see him cross the street?"

"No one crossed the street while he was inside," declared Amsdell.

Marston nodded his head decisively, and said: "No one—not a soul."

"And what did Ralston Sprague do the second time he appeared?" asked Siddons.

"Nothing. We didn't give him time. We just rushed upon him and got only another coat body for our pains. We chased him up the steps of the house he came out of last and he managed to get in and slam the door in our faces. Of course it locked itself, and there we were outside, feeling like two big fools.

"I don't wonder," remarked Siddons, thinking of how nonplussed he and Dill had been that night. "What after that?"

"We were sort of dazed. It was about four minutes before we went down the steps. We had scarcely got out feet on the sidewalk, when Ralston Sprague, again dressed as before, came out of a drug store, about two hundred feet down the street, on the other side, and waved his hand at us with mock courtliness and shouted:

"'Now deliver that letter, boys. It is more important work than anything you can do here.'

"Then he went into a hallway beside the drug store. We knew it would be useless to chase him. We felt like farmers, but what could we do? We just came in here to get untwisted."

CHAPTER X.

A QUICK REVERSAL.

"Well, boys," commented Dill, "I don't wonder if you're twisted a little all that. I'm somewhat twisted myself and I guess Siddons is, too. Sit there and quiet yourselves while Siddons and I go into the other room and talk things over."

As soon as the two detectives were alone, Dill said:

"Ralston Sprague gave them this letter at ten o'clock, they said."

Siddons nodded.

"And that was about half an hour after that man disappeared from the telegraph pole."

"Just about."

"And as Sprague had to write that letter after he heard of our discomfiture there, it must have been to him that the young man in the brown derby was wiring."

"Nothing could be plainer."

"Well, this seems to be an up-to-date gang and it's shaping up into a scientific fight, and pretty much all on one side at that."

"Will you meet Sprague, as he requsts?"

"I don't know what to think."

"He don't want your life, evidently."

"No; and I don't want his money."

"But when he is certain, finally that he can't buy you he may wish to kill you."

"Yes; I've thought of that."

"But you might learn something by letting him talk."

"Yes, perhaps; but I don't expect to learn much he don't want me to know."

"It seems worth a trial, anyhow," insinuated Siddons.

"Yes, if we can manage it."

"But we can, somehow. We're pitted against a big combination."

"I think so; but, surely, we're a match for what they can put up against us, if we can only get onto their peculiar curves." And Dill was thoughtful.

"What do you suggest?" asked Siddons.

"Let's sleep over it."

"All right."

"Come here at daylight in the morning, Siddons."

Siddons nodded and they went into the outer office and found Marston snoring in his chair and Amsdell thinking intently.

"This is worth dreaming over," said Dill. "Let's all rest till tomorrow." He instructed Marston and Amsdell to come at seven in the morning, and the four parted for the night.

Dill sighed as he thought how fruitless their work had been thus far; but he soon slept and was conscious of nothing until he was awakened by a small alarm clock at his bedside.

He dressed hastily and went downstairs. He was about to open the front door when he heard some one insert a key in it from the outside.

He turned the gas very low and concealed himself behind the stairs at a point which commanded a good view of the front part of the hall.

Scarcely had he done so when the door opened noiselessly, and a man stepped inside and boldly turned up the gas.

The light fell on a face which brought a gasp of astonishment from the lips of the detective.

It was the face of Ralston Sprague.

The mysterious early caller locked the door after him, taking a sealed envelope from an inside pocket, held it nervously in his hand as he began silently to ascend the stairs.

"I have him now," gritted Dill.

As he spoke, the manhunter grasped his shooter.

Quickly taking aim at the intruder's head, he said in a low, even voice:

"Mr. Sprague, you may deliver that letter to me in person. No need to shove it under my door this time."

Ralston Sprague turned abruptly.

"One must needs submit when the devil drives," he said. "But why deliver the letter at all. We can now talk face to face."

"But not here," declared Dill, grimly, still covering his slippery captive with his revolver.

"No, outside?"

"No, in jail," Dill rejoined, sternly.

"You seem to have me now, sure; but I was hoping you would listen to reason."

"My reason tells me to keep you safe now I have got you."

"If you are so foolish as this you will never run to earth the murderer of Brantford Murrie."

"But I think I have taken a good step in that direction by capturing you."

"There you are wrong. I meant what I said in my letter. You can have money and success."

"It will be only by downing you, Ralston Sprague, that I will ever win success in this case," dissented the detective. "I have caught you fairly—you got in this trap voluntarily—and I am going to take what advantage of the situation that comes in my way from now on."

"You doubtless reason correctly from your point of view, but you are wrong. I can compel the man who murdered Brantford Murrie to confess his crime."

"I have my doubts about that."

"You mean you doubt my sincerity——"

"Yes."

"Then you won't have any kind of deal with me?"

"None."

"Then I must dance when you pull the string—there don't seem any other way open."

"Looks like it," grunted Dill. "Go on out, but first hold up your hands. I can't take too many chances with you and you won't get me up stairs anywhere to talk this over this time."

Sprague obeyed and Dill quickly searched and disarmed him.

"Now, open the door and go out," the detective commanded. "You're safe if you obey; if you don't do that you take big chances."

Ralston Sprague opened the door and stepped out into the dawn, closely followed by Dill.

As the detective emerged from the house he felt the chilling and deadly touch of a revolver on either temple and knew that the enemy had again triumphed.

"Ah!" laughed Ralston Sprague, "civility would have served you better."

CHAPTER XI.

WAS IT A TRICK?

Toncray Siddons was at the office at daylight, according to appointment.

He waited an hour for Dill, then became impatient. Dill was not one to break an engagement lightly, and the matter they had in hand was the most important one of their entire career.

Siddons went to Dill's lodgings and learned that Dill had got up very early and had not been seen by the landlady that morning.

As he was going away he met a certain Ellery Alger at the first corner.

Mr. Alger, a roomer in the house with Dill, was a reliable young man with a real estate experience, who had been employed by Dill as occasion offered and had conceived a warm admiration for the well known detective.

Alger knew Siddons, and accosted him thus:

"Hush! Bad case!"

"What do you mean?"

"Abduction of Mr. Dill."

"Abduction?"

The word came from Siddons like an explosion.

"Yes; he was taken away this morning early."

"How long since?"

"Just coming dayight."

"Who took him?"

"Don't know. I'd been out all night—was coming home. Saw Dill on front steps with three men—two of them holding guns to his head. Then———"

"Go on," urged Siddons, breathlessly.

"I got out of sight and watched.

"What did you see?"

"I'm coming to that. The three men made Dill go with them round the corner. They called a carriage and they made him get in with them."

"Which way did they go?"

"Every way and I went with them for awhile."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I jumped up behind and hung on, hoping to be able to get on to the whole game. They made the driver take them up and down and back and forth in every course and finally steered off north."

"North! And what then?"

"That's about all I know. One of the men in the carriage with Dill saw me about then and the first I knew of it they reached out through the rear of the carriage and pushed me into the street. I

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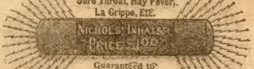

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came down hard—fact is the wind was about knocked out of me. By the time I got on my feet the whole outfit was out of sight."

"And then you lost the trail?"

"Yes, completely."

"Would you know these men if you should see them again?" asked Toncray Siddons.

"Yes, two of them."

"Can you describe them?"

"Well, one was tall, the other was short; the man I wouldn't recognize again was of medium height."

"And what sort of a man was the tall one?"

"Thin-faced, big moustache, long nose, black eyes, fine looking and genteel chap."

"Ralston Sprague!" exclaimed Siddons, under his breath, "and the short man?"

Alger described the second man quite minutely, but Siddons did not remember having seen such a man.

"The other one making up the three I didn't see in the face," continued Alger, "for the reason that he walked on the side of Dill next to me and had his face turned the other way."

"Did you get the hackman's number?"

"Didn't think of that, and had no chance to do it anyway; but I'd know the rig."

"I suppose I can depend on your aid?"

"Sure, Mr. Siddons. I would do anything to help Dill. He's been a friend to me more'n once."

"All right. Come to our office at 8 o'clock."

Siddons returned to the office and at seven Marston and Amsdell presented themselves as they had been requested to do by Dill.

"Men," said Siddons, gloomily, yet energetically, "we're at a critical point in the worst fight we ever had. We are awfully outnumbered, by what I believe to be the strongest criminal organisation ever put up and so far we have been outgeneraled and made monkeys of in a most ridiculous manner. Now, we are without our leader and have his rescue to accomplish before we can turn our hands to anything else."

"What do you mean?" chorused Marston and Amsdell, breathlessly.

"Dill is a prisoner in the power of Ralston Sprague."

Siddons told them all he knew of Dill's capture by the enemy, then added, sternly:

"Men, we must be up and doing. Our wits and our bodily strength must be consecrated to this work. Dill must be freed; then we must chase this syndicate of crime to its just doom, the gallows and the pen. We must show ourselves their masters. To do that we must resolve that the period of their coming triumph is at an end. They have invented some ingenious plan to slip through our hands and are trying to discourage us by using it to mystify us. But what one man may originate another man may improve on and many other men may know. We must give ourselves to the task of getting to the heart of the mystery of the men who 'go up.' It is a thing that appears almost miraculous, but I believe it is simple enough, and if we can master it we may possibly use it in the undoing of Ralston Sprague and his gang."

While Siddons had been speaking, Amsdell and Marston had sprung to their feet and in their excitement they had gradually approached him.

Now they seized his outstretched hand, Marston first, then Amsdell, and speaking together, they pledged themselves and all their energies to the work that had been outlined by Siddons.

"If it is in human power to free Dill, we will accomplish it," declared Siddons. "But how to go about it is the question. I——"

He was interrupted by the telephone bell. In an instant he was before the 'phone, receiver in hand.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"I—Dill," answered a voice.

"Stanley Dill?"

"Yes. I was made a prisoner by Sprague and his men. I am out of their clutches, but can't get away from here without your help. Come to 1991 Russell street at once."

"That's a trick," exclaimed Siddons; "they want me, too."

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOUBLE OF DEMAS BURNS.

Toncray Siddons did a lot of thinking in a minute, and during that minute the voice of the man who called himself Stanley Dill three times urged him to instant action.

"I will be there within an hour," he said, at length, "but I will come in disguise. If I shouldn't, some of Ralston Sprague's party might recognize me."

"What disguise?" questioned the voice.

"Are you alone?" asked Siddons, cautiously.

"Yes."

"My tramp get up—Tired Tolliver, you know."

"All right. Come quick as you can."

Siddons' face lighted up with a new idea.

"If you're really Dill," he said over the wire, "tell me something that Dill and I know and no one lse knows."

The answer came back promptly:

"The man that was hanged years ago for the murder of Demas Burns was innocent."

Siddons started.

"There is only one man who knows that except Dill and myself," he soliloquized, "and that is the man who killed Demas Burns. This is a pretty sure thing, evidently, but they won't catch Toncray Siddons napping. I'll be wary—wary as a fox."

He shouted into the telephone:

"I'll be there within an hour. That's all."

He turned to Marston and Amsdell.

"I can't give you any special instructions and I must leave soon on a private mission. Alger will be here at eight to help in any way possible. You know you can depend on him. Question him and the three of you see what you can find out about that carriage and where it went. Meet me here at noon, as I or you may have something important to communicate."

They nodded assent and he went hurriedly out.

The fact that he gave these instructions after having received the message which purported to be from Stanley Dill was sufficient evidence that he did not consider his quest at an end and was resolved to leave no stone unturned and take no chance by delay.

In ten minutes he was in a low, sawdust-floored saloon not four blocks distant from his office.

"I want Funston," he said to the barkeeper.

"Asleep," and the barkeeper jerked his head in the direction of a side room.

Siddons aroused Funston abruptly and not gently.

"I want you," he said.

"Well, when you want me, you always get me, don't you?" And Funston rubbed his eyes with his knuckles.

"When I fail to get you when I want you, some one else will. You know who I mean, don't you, Funston?"

Funston shivered.

"Yes, I know," he mumbled. "No stone pile in mine."

"Well, there's no time for talk this morning. Come on!" And Funston followed him unquestioningly.

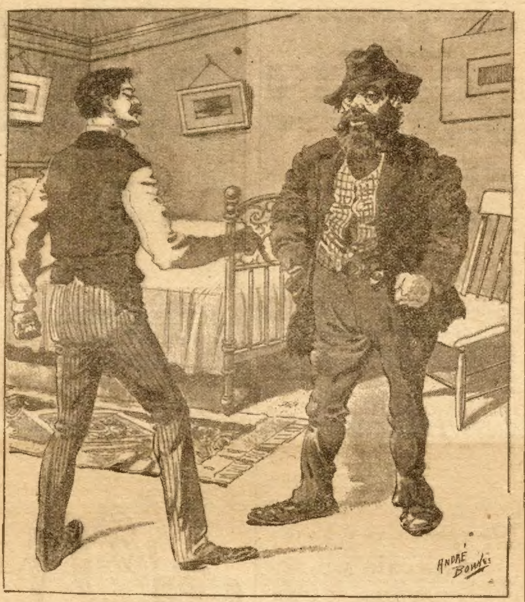
Funston looked wistfully at the bar and Siddons, half in pity, half in disgust, bought him a drink.

"He may need the nerve it'll give him," he thought. He watched Funston throw the big glass of cheap whisky into himself, then walked outside, Funston close at his heels.

They were soon in Siddon's room.

Siddons produced some tattered garments and some false whiskers.

"Funston," he said, "disguise yourself as a tramp and do it quick. I've worn these togs often and you're about my size, you know."



"What am I up to, Siddons?"

Funston laughed bitterly.

"What's the use of the disguise? Don't I look the part all right, all right? Yet once I faked with a circus and was a howlin' swell. I howl sometimes yet, but I never swell any more, so that breaks up the combination."

He quickly donned the disguise and Siddons gave his face some deft touches with some colors out of a make-up box.

"I'll do, I reckon."

"Yes, you'll do now. Here's money. Go just as fast as the cars will carry you to 1991 Russell street, ring the door bell and act according to circumstances."

"What am I up to, Siddons?"

"Nothing fatal. Keep your wits about you and you're not likely to come to any harm. I think I can trust you, Funston, not to tell any one there that you're not the real thing."

"I reckon you can," and the hobo leered knowingly. "I ain't at all anxious to revive that old workhouse combination. So long."

"Waste no time now, and when you can do so hunt me up and tell me all that may have happened to you on this trip. You know how well it always pays you to serve me faithfully."

Funston looked Siddons in the face and half whimpered:

"Yes, and I know you'd give it to me in bad shape if I should give you away."

"That's how you'd get it, Funston."

"But I couldn't blow your game this time, for I don't know it, see?"

"You may get on to it where you're going."

"If I didn't know you to be dead square, Siddons, I wouldn't take up such an uncertain job as this."

"Go now and rush right along."

And Siddons pushed Funston gently out of the door.

"Well," he murmured when he was alone, "it isn't at all probable that Funston will come to grief at this business. He is in good shape except for being a little nearsighted. He's a wary rogue and no one will want to do him any harm; but he's the only man on earth that could serve my purpose now. If it is really Dill who is there, Funston will come back and tell me. If it is not Dill it can be no one but the murderer of Demas Burns—a villain for whose crime another man was hanged."

He paused a moment, thinking, then went on:

"If Dill didn't telephone me the murderer of Demas Burns did, and Funston is the perfect counterpart of Demas Burns. I'd like to be there and see how the man that telephoned me will look and act when he sees Funston's face without the false whiskers. If he is Demas Burns' assassin he's likely to have a fit, and Funston will tell me about it some time."

This fascinating story of mystery will be continued in next week's Ledger. Our special subscription offer appears on pages thirteen and fourteen.

Hints on Running.

Probably the most talked-of athlete in amateur and collegiate athletic circles just now is Alvin C. Kraenzlein, of the University of Pennsylvania, who this spring made a new world's record in the running broad jump. Mr. Kraenzlein is generally admitted to be the greatest all-round track athlete in this country. Up to a year ago he was known only as a phenomenal hurdler, holding world's records for both the high and low hurdles. Mr. Kraenzlein has this to say regarding his wonderful powers as an athlete:

"From the time when I was a very small youngster I was very fond of athletic sports of all kinds, but at that time there were plenty of boys who could beat me in short and long-distance running. I determined to make a study of running, and become the fastest runner in the school. In the first place I read a number of hints given by trainers, and these I adopted as much as was possible. To begin with I was always careful to take care of myself, and I never ruined my lungs with tobacco or my stomach with coffee every morning.

"My training at this time was very simple, but I think effective. Each morning and night I used to go through the setting up exercises that are used at West Point, which almost every one knows and which so very few practice. Personally I believe these exercises to be the best kind of a home gymnasium it is possible to have, and some of my records, perhaps, may be directly attributed to them. Gradually I kept on running and practicing until I was acknowledged the fastest runner in the school, and I am sure that I felt more proud of this distinction than I have over any of my later records.

"If you are going to quote me as to my methods I won't know where to begin, but first of all I would advise any young boy to get his body and mind so that they will work together at all times. By this I mean that the true runner or jumper depends upon his head quite as much as his legs, for the fastest runner when rattled is beaten before the race begins. Another thing, you want to cultivate confidence in your abilities. Go into the race with the idea of winning, and if you lose, have it because the other man could run faster, and, what is more, admit it.

"This same admission may be up to him in the future, and you will enjoy your victory more because you had to work and wait for it. Begin your practicing by light running, allowing plenty of development for your lungs. Don't strain yourself at the start, but try and build up a physique and acquire a method of running that can be relied upon when you are in a race. More races are lost from a bad stomach than poor legs. Add to this good American sand and faithful and conscientious practice and you may find yourself a world's champion some day."

True' Indeed.

"Alas!" exclaimed the heathen warrior, as the christian soldier's bayonet made its reappearance alongside his spine, "I am sorely pushed!"

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Recent Inventions.

Two Virginians have patented a cigar in which a leaf stem is inserted in the center to impart its fragrance to the filler, the stem being withdrawn when the cigar is lighted, thus forming a passage for the smoke.

A Kentuckian has patented a piano hammer which has a disk of felt carried by a pair of curved fingers set in a tapering tube, with a nut at the opposite end to tighten the fingers, the disk being turned around at it wears.

A Texan has patented a machine which will crack nuts of any size or shape, consisting of two jaws suspended to permit of a vertical movement, which is obtained by a pair of cams operated by a lever at the side of the machine.

For use in assisting vehicles off car tracks a band is loosely mounted on the axle to carry an arm, which is raised and lowered by a lever near the seat, a shoe being fixed at the end of the arm to be dropped into the track and lift the wheel out.

An Englishman has designed a ventilated shoe for summer wear which has the upper formed of two pieces, with strips cut to interlace each other at right angles, forming a loose lace-work, which admits air to the top and sides of the foot.

Fish can be caught without hooking in a new spring trap, consisting of a tray having a pair of spring-controlled jaws pivoted in the bottom, with a bait holder in the center, which springs the trap, the device being sunk to the bed of the stream.

Railway and other cars are easily ventilated with an Arkansas man's device, a small wind wheel being set on top of the car to drive an exhaust fan mounted in an opening at the end of the car, the two fans being connected by a gear shaft.

Good at Figures.

"How many times did that fellow kiss you last night?"

"Do you want the official count, pa?"

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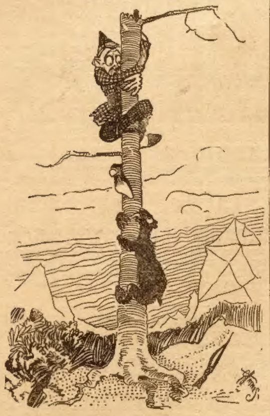

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He was a small 6-year-old, and he was stretched across his father's knee in the attitude traditional for generations in the prevention of sparing the rod.

"Papa!" he asked in the moment of silence before the slipper fell, "are you going to spank me?"

"Well, suppose I am. Why do you ask?"

"Because, papa," he replied with all the dignity possible under the circumstances, "I do not wish to be surprised."

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Dull Trade.

"How is Surloyne getting on in the butcher business?"

"Very poorly, I hear. They say he does so little that he can't afford to kill more than half a cow at a time."

Parent of a Prodigy.

"What an amount of dignity Jones seems to have developed lately," remarked Brown. "He's going to throw up his job and try to get something better. He says there's no use of a man with his qualifications filling so menial a position. And he's always been such a meek, unassuming man, you know."

"Yes," replied Smith, "but I heard that his baby has just got so that it can say 'papa' so they can understand it."

Mean Man.

"Our old neighbor Jenkins is the meanest man I know."

"What has he done?"

"Why, you know, when we broke up housekeeping and undertook to sell all our household goods at auction he got into the house on the plea that he wanted to buy and then produced a writ of replevin and took away everything we had borrowed from him in the three years we have been neighbors.

An Awful Moment.

Dick—What should you say, Gus, was the most critical moment of your life?

Gus (pink-faced blonde, promptly)—Last Sunday afternoon. I had just finished a glass of chocolate ice-cream soda with my best girl when I felt in my pocket and found I had left my handkerchief at home. I was wearing light kid gloves, too.

Purely Offensive.

"I have been thinking over the matter for some time," said the Sultan of Turkey, "and have almost concluded to make an alliance with Spain—offensive and defensive, you know."

"Well," replied the Grand Vizier, "would it not be rather hard to tell which was the—ahem—the offensive member?'"

Not Necessary to Throw It.

"You are not angry with me because I threw a kiss to you, are you?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," she replied.

"Why?" he inquired.

"Because there was no impenetrable barrier between us that made it necessary."

Betrayed Himself.

Nell—Did you meet Miss Gotrox's fiance?

Belle—Yes; he's an Italian count.

"How do you know?"

"He shakes your hand around in a circle as if you were an organ."

Not What He Wanted.

Nurse—It's time for your nourishment now, Mr. Peppery.

Mr. Peppery (who is convalescent)—Hang nourishment! What I want is something to eat.

Out of Place.

"Sadi," chattered the sweet thing, "has a mania for silk stockings. She has silk stockings on the brain."

"Not the place," grunted the bachelor, whom they had overlooked, "to wear 'em."

At a Safe Distance.

Quiggs—Do you think Prayhard follows the Golden Rule in his daily life as he professes to do?

Riggs—Yes, but I think he keeps as far behind it as he can.

The Limit of His Ability.

Quericus—Do you write successful songs?

Musicus—No; they're beyond me. I can only write songs that the critics praise.

Sure Method.

Browne—How can I get in close touch with the world?

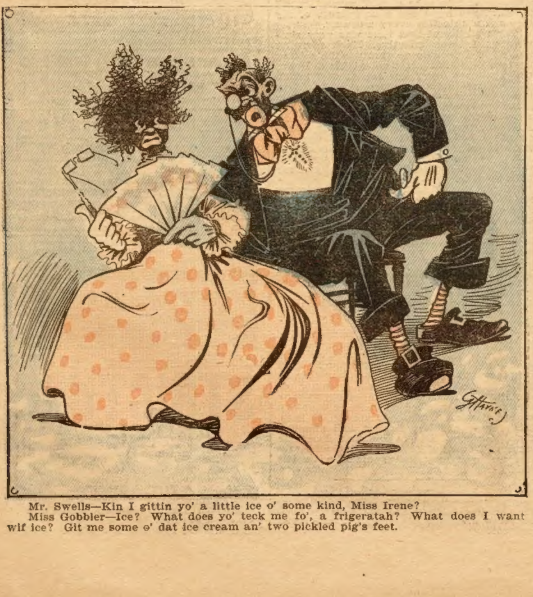
Towne—Get a bicycle.

There Are Others.

"He has very decided views, hasn't he?"

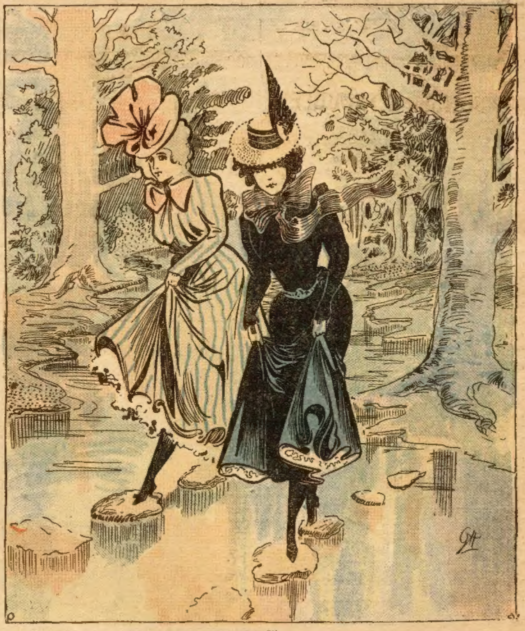
"Yes; they are decided by his wife."

WASTED LANGUAGE AT THE SWELL SUPPER.



Mr. Swells—Kin I gittin yo' a little ice o' some kind, Miss Irene?

Miss Gobbler—Ice? What does yo' teck me fo', a frigeratah? What does I want wif ice? Git me some o' dat ice cream an' two pickled pig's feet.



"How does he make his home attractive?"

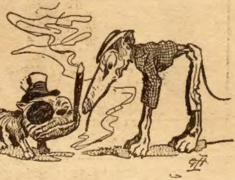
"By staying away from it."

Higher Imperialism.

"Yes," said St. Peter, "this is heaven. The lower world, hades, is an inconceivable distance from here. We have no intercourse with the place whatever."

"It doesn't make any difference how far away the place is,'" replied the recently arrived shade, "I know enough about the principles of 'humanity' and 'manifest destiny' to say that I'm right in for annexing it."

Canine Talk.



"Do you ever use slang?"

"Well, very seldom, but I couldn't help saying dog-gone when the butcher caught me little brudder."

Enriched.

"Oh, the people in our village all thought they'd be made rich when the trolley line was built out here."

"Were they disappointed?"

"Mostly. Only six persons all told have been run over and settled with by the company so far."

Then the Talk Languished.

Stranger (who has been out between every act at theater)—These high theater hats are a great nuisance.

His Next Neighbor—Well, I don't know that they are any more of a nuisance than these broad theater breaths.

Compensation.

"It must have been a terible shock to lose all your fortune," said the sympathizing friend.

"Well, yes," said the ex-plutocrat, "but, anyway, I don't have to pretend to like olives any more."

A Sad Case.

Jack—What's the matter with Reggy?

Cholly—Concussion of the bwain. He was at the ball game the other day when some wuffian sitting above him dwopped a score-card on his head.

Of Course.

Dimling—Did the president say anything during the interview?

Allsop—Not a word.

Dimling—And Mark Hanna?

Allsop—Didn't I just tell you.

He Got Even.

She—I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth.

He—You wouldn't get a chance, I'd surely have my pick then.

The Hatchways of Poetry.

He—What a quantity of poetry Mrs. Pansy Quickfoot turns out?

She—Yes. She reminds me of an industrious hen. Not a day without its lay!

Just a Glimpse.

Papa—By the way, who is the lady that bowed to us as we left the carriage?

Dorothy—The one with the black silk skirt, the rose petticoat, plaid silk waist, purple collarette with silver clasps, tan coat, black hat with purple tips, carrying a silver-trimmed card case?

Papa—Yes.

Dorothy—I don't know; I just cuaght a glimpse of her.

His Business-Like Way.

"I cackerlate young Jim Rush is a feller that'll always git along," remarked Farmer Hornbeak, as he reached behind the kitchen door for the bootjack.

"What makes you think so, Ezry?" asked his good wife.

"Why, he was married last night to Miss Jenny Truworthy, and this mornin' I see he's got a placard nailed on his gatepost which says 'No cards, no cake, and nobody's business.' "

The First Time It Was Said.

Eve (to Adam as dinner was being served on the day of her creation)—Shall I dress the salad, Adam?

Adam—No: I'll attend to that. If there is one thing I can do, it is to dress salad to perfection.

Got Off Easily.

"When I asked for a raise I told my employer I had grown gray in his service."

"What did he say?"

"He said if I had worked anywhere else I probably would have got bald."

Drama.

"How are you getting on with your play, old man?"

"Passably. I have it written out in French, but of course the translating and adapting is what really counts."

His Success.

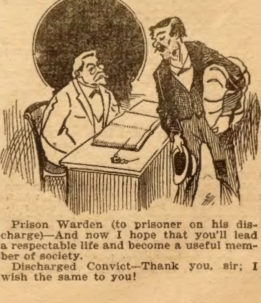
Friend—I understand that you scored a tremendous triumph on the road?

Walker Far (the tragedian)—Yes, I got every dollar of my salary.

Pretty Good at Shakes.

Hewitt—That girl is no great shakes.

Jewett—Well, she shook me all right.



Prison Warden (to prisoner on his discharge)—And now I hope that you'll lead a respectable life and become a useful member of society.

Discharged Convict—Thank you, sir; I wish the same to you!

STORYETTES.

MR. BOWSER'S TROUBLES.

Mr. Bowser had finished his after-dinner cigar and his evening paper, when Mrs. Bowser glanced at him to find a look on his face which plainly signified that he had something on his mind. She maintained silence, however, and it was five minutes later that he said:

"I was telling Brown, over at the office, about my rheumatism, and, do you know what he advised?"

"But when have you had rheumatism?" she asked.

"When? When? Well, that's pretty cool, when you know that I've had to hobble about like a lame hen for a year past? Both of my legs seem to be tied up in knots tonight, and I can hardly raise my arm to my collar. Nothing but my will power has kept me on my feet for the last six months."

"It's curious that you never mentioned it to me."

"Nothing curious about it. I've simply dosed and rubbed and tried to get rid of it without any fuss. If a woman has a cold in her head she'll let everybody for a mile around know all about it, but a man may have a thousand pains and keep the torture all to himself. I'm no hand to complain. If I sat here dying I shouldn't say anything to you about it."

"Well, what did Brown advise?" asked Mrs. Bowser, knowing that some new fad had been put forward.

"The same remedy that cured him. He had rheumatism for twenty-seven years, and paid out $11,000 without finding relief, and was then cured in ten days."

"Wonderful!" gasped Mrs. Bowser. "I suppose it will be in the papers—a full-page testimonial?"

A SIMPLE REMEDY.

"And I suppose it won't!" snapped Mr. Bowser. "Brown didn't cure himself with a patent medicine, and he's no hand to blow around. In fact, if we had'nt been close friends, I'd never have known of his cure. And all he did was to go out into his own back yard in his bare feet of a dewy night. It's what they call the barefoot cure."

"And are you going to try it?"

"I am. I'm going to try it right off, now. Ten nights will work a perfect cure. All I've got to do is to parade around on the dewy grass for fifteen minutes at a time."

"And you really believe in such nonsense!" she exclaimed, as he began removing his shoes and stockings. "If anybody had told me that a man 48 years old would——"

"There you go!" he interrupted, as he got one foot bared. "Did I ever make a move to regain my health that you didn't oppose me? Here is a thing that has been tried by thousands and effected a cure in every case, and yet you call it nonsense. I knew you'd ridicule it as a matter of course, but that will not change my purpose."

Mr. Bowser had nothing more to say and Mr. Bowser removed the other shoe and stocking and rolled up the bottom of his trousers and was ready to go out. He hesitated for aminute to give her a chance to make further remarks, but as none came he descended to the kitchen and passed out of the back door. He was out for the dew, and he proceeded to look for it. Folding his arms and keeping his head well up he began promenading back and forth the length of the yard and it wasn't five minutes before he imagined that he was already feeling better. Mrs. Bowser came and looked out of the window at him and as he caught her smile he growled:

"Oh, yes. She calls it another of my fads and is giggling away to herself, but let her giggle. Ten nights of it and I'll be able to jump a five-rail fence."

AN UNEXPECTED FEATURE.

He turned to march back and as he did so he gave his right foot a scrape to scoop in an extra amount of dew. The scrape was only half-contemplated when the watching Mrs. Bowser saw him jump a foot high and come down in a heap and he was using swear words by the dozen when she lifted the sash and asked what was the matter. He had picked up a large and aggressive carpet tack, but as he heard her voice he yanked it out and exclaimed:

"There's nothing the matter with me, and you put down that window and go away. Mighty curious that I can't make a move without your trying to set all the neighbors on to me."

Mrs. Bowser retired and after nursing his foot for awhile Mr. Bowser arose and limped his way over the grass. There wasn't as much dew as he expected to find and by and by he sought the higher grass. How many carpet tacks, pieces of glass, iron hoops and clothes-pins he just missed during the next five minutes he will never know, but something was lying in wait which he couldn't miss. It was a great lot of loose barbed wire which he had intended to fasten on top the fence to discourage the cats, and in his promenade he suddenly encountered it. Something else also occurred at almost the same instant. A neighbor's boy, who had been watching the barefoot cure from a second-story window, decided that Mr. Bowser was too good a target to be missed and he let fly a potato which hit the patient in the back of the head just as the wire tackled his feet. Mrs. Bowser heard a yell which jumped her heart into her mouth and as she flew to the window Mr. Bowser was rolling over the ground and trying to kick his legs loose from the wire. He uttered a fresh yell every second and each succeeding one was louder and rounded off with more vigor. While Mrs. Bowser was running downstairs to see what it was all about he got rid of the wire and sprang up and started for the back door on a keen gallop. In his excitement he forgot the clothes line, which he had been compelled to bend to on every turn, and it struck him across the breast and lifted him off his feet and flung him head-over-heels half-way to the back fence.

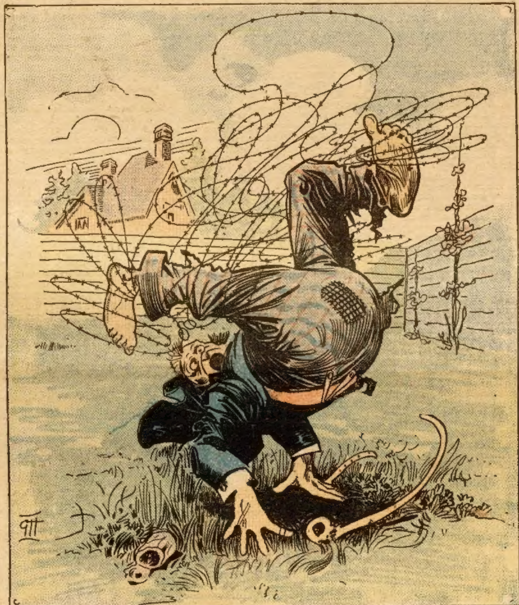
There, with his head in the grass and his legs doubled under, Mrs. Bowser and the cook found him, and it was half an hour later when he opened his eyes and found himself lying on his back on the sitting room floor, and the two women rubbing his hands and chafing his hands and holding various sorts of liquids under his nose.

"Woman!" he exclaimed, as he made out the situation, "woman, this dastardly attempt on my life—this—this——"

"Are you conscious?" interrupted Mrs. Bowser.

"Of course I'm conscious, and I want to tell you that your murderous intetions—"

"Then you'd better try and crawl upstairs, Mr. Bowser, and I'll send for the doctor. You've got about 400 digs and scratches on your feet and legs and a lump as big as a goose egg on the back of your head, and it seems to me that you've been telescoped together and made two feet shorter. Just keep quiet, now. I think your rheumatism is permanently cured, but if you get excited your life may pay the forfeit. That's the way—crawl along on your hands and knees, and we won't say anything to the doctor about the barefoot cure. We'll just tell him that you fell off the roof and struck a nest of bumble bees and feel in need of a spring tonic."



"HE UTTERED A FRESH YELL EVERY SECOND."

He Dropped the Canyon Story.

W. E. Curtis, in one of his southwestern letters, tells about Capt. Hance, a famous frontiersman and yarn-spinner, who lives on the verge of the grand canyon of the Colorado. Capt. Hance used to claim that he built the canyon; that he dug it out all alone by himself when he was a boy; that he loved to work so much that the eastern states did not furnish an adequate field for his energy, so he came to Arizona and tried his hand in making a canyon. But he does not tell this story any more.

A year or two ago a little girl came to the canyon and listened with eyes and mouth and ears open to the remarkable experiences related by Capt. Hance, and when he had finished telling the members of the party to which she belonged how he dug the canyon all by himself the child exclaimed indignantly:

"I don't believe a word of it."

"My dear," responded Capt. Hance, reproachfully, "don't you believe that I dug the canyon?"

"If you dug it," replied this enfant terrible, "what did you do with the dirt?"

For once in his life Capt. Hance was silent and says he has never told that story since.

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THE COURTS ON TRUSTS.

The courts disagree in the interpretation of law and sound public policy as related to the trust question. Recently the New Jersey supreme court refused to interfere with the enforcement of a trust agreement. Now the Indiana Supreme court has decided that corporations entering into agreements relative to prices and the control of trade are in danger of having their charters forfeited.

The Indiana decision grew out of the action of two companies organized for the piping of gas and oil. The two companies entered into an agreement to maintain a certain price, and neither was to furnish gas to a consumer who was the patron of the other. A suit to forfeit the charters of both companies on the ground that they were engaged in an unlawful combination was unsuccessful in the lower court, but was sustained before the higher tribunal.

The New Jersey decision was given in a case brought by the New York Trap Rock company against Brown & Fleming. This firm, with other owners of quarries, entered into an agreement to control the price and output of stone. One condition of the agreement was that a single agent was to do the selling for all the firms, with a $5,000 penalty for not observing this condition. Brown & Fleming, becoming dissatisfied, decided to oppose the trust and sold stone on their own account. Suit was brought to collect the $5,000 forfeiture for violation of agreement. Brown & Fleming set up in demurrer that the plaintiff, by its own statement, was a trust formed for the purpose of preventing competition and controlling prices. The demurrer was overruled, the court holding that a contract that a single person shall be employed as the sole agent of the manufacturers to sell all their output does not violate any principle of law and may be enforced.

The decision of the New Jersey court seems to be a departure from the usual attitude toward combinations for controlling prices and output. However, even the Indiana decision will not be found a very effective weapon, for most of the latter-day trusts have been organized in such a way as to make them technically lawful according to the ruling of the court. Instead of entering into agreement, the common method of trust promotion now is to have the companies transfer their property to a single gigantic corporation organized for the purpose. The Indiana decision does, however, indicate one way to control the trusts, with proper legislation, and that is through restrictions upon the grant of corporate powers.

The man who owns a paste diamond isn't necesasrily an Irishman just because he wears a sham-rock.

THEIR PRISON-HOUSE.

BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

He was pale-faced, round-shouldered and anaemic, a creature obviously deficient in vitality, with the hall-mark of servitude stamped very clearly upon his commonplace features, and the patience of Job shining in his hollow-set brown eyes. In every respect he was entirely out of touch with his environment; one could only wonder what had brought him so far from his accustomed haunts. His shabby yet respectable black clothes, his well-frayed linen, and the ink-stains still lingering upon his finger-nails—these things bespoke his occupation as plainly as though he had stood there among the bracken with a ledger under his arm and a pen behind his ear.

For by some stronge chance he had wandered far from the city, and found his way into a very world of sunshine; over his head it came streaming through the delicate interlacings of those gently waving green elm-leaves—a rich golden flood, warm, yet very soft and sweet, there in the deep shade. He had thrown himself, after a moment's silent absorption, upon a grassy bank; his limbs stretched out over the mossy earth, his recumbent form the very personification of absolute yet awkward ease. His eyes began slowly to blink and then to close; the murmurous drone of bees at work made him sleepy. It was really the country into which he had roamed; there were birds and insects everywhere, as well as wild flowers and sunshine; the perfume-laden air was all alive with them. Just now a bumble-bee had balanced himself upon that stiff blade of grass yonder—hear him now, buzzing away in the bracken behind; what a lazy, sense-lulling noise! A brown tortoiseshell butterfly came floating in from the flower-lined hedgerow alongside the cornfield, and a beetle whose curved shell-like back was as black as night crept out from behind that piece of gray boulder where the honeysuckle hung down in long odoriferous wreaths. To one born in the country these are all common things enough, but to him, a city clerk, a counting-house machine whose life had been spent upon an office stool, and whose walks were ever upon the stone pavements of a Babylonic wilderness—to him they were all new and full of wonder. It was many a year since he had seen an uncaged singing bird so close as the bright-eyed linnet who had perched himself only a few yards away upon that slender hawthorn twig, calling with shrill, sweet notes to his mate, whose far-off chirping sounded like a weaker echo of his own more musical note. And what air—how bright and pure, and smokeless! Was the sky ever really so blue as that over Tooley street, he wondered? Surely not! And those little fleecy, white clouds—surely they never floated like that over Bermondsey! Listen! There in his ears came the soft music of the sea, came the gentle rushing of a summer breeze, rustling amongst the bending corn, whose tops were full to bursting. His eyes closed of their own accord, he could not keep them open any longer; a sort of Nirvana of dreamless repose crept over his brain, a day-sleep from which he was suddenly awakened by the sharp snapping of a twig close at hand. He sat up, vaguely alarmed! Yonder, in the lowest fork of that elm-tree, sat the wanton disturber of his dreaminess. It was—yes, he decided that it must be, a squirrel! He had never seen one before, but it could be nothing else. What bright little black eyes, and what a tail! Off he scampered up into the deeper recesses of the thick-leaved hazel-bush beyond. The man regretted his disappearance and sighed.

He was awake now and beginning to feel lonely. He drew out his watch, a time-worn Waterbury, with a little black cord attached, and he sighed. Surely she would not be long now! He was impatient to think that she should be losing, for his sake, one moment of this wonderful morning. Cooking! He was quite content to live without it for these few halcyon days; they would so soon be over, and then—God only knew when they would come again! For the door of his prison house had been opened quite by chance; it was surely nothing but a whim of Mr. Rupert's to lend his uncle's clerk this little Surrey cottage and to insist upon a week's holiday for him! Good-natured! Of course it was good-natured; but, all the same, it was a whim. The man fell to wondering—wondering whence had come to him this unexpected kindness. For years Mr. Rupert, junior partner in the "firm," had barely answered his respectful "Good-morning." What had made him carelessly and without explanation offer this strange kindness? The man's brain had grown misty through many years of mechanical work. There was something there—a thought without substance, or was it a fear? He pressed his hand to his forehead and sighed.

He stood up to look for her, drawing in, as he clambered a few yards higher up the hillside, a long breath of that most delicate of perfumes—the scent of sun-warmed heather, carried on the bosom of a south wind. Yonder through the trees he could see purple streaks of it upon the downs, and here and there clumps of yellow gorse, stretching right to the borders of that dark belt of pine woods; it was all very beautiful.

Would she come soon, he wondered? He wanted her to see the squirrel, and to listen with him to that low music from the cornfield. He knew how she loved all these strange country sounds and sights, and he grudged every moment that she was not there with him enjoying them. What could she be doing, he wondered, to keep her so long; he sighed as he remembered what a conscientious pleasure she seemed to take in keeping that strange little thatched cottage, with its red tiles and queer diamond-framed windows, as clean and trim as she somehow managed to keep their six-roomed "villa" in Bermondsey! Only here there was something to reward her for her pains—their own little home, alas! at its best was miserably, depressingly ugly. A wave of bitterness rose up from the bottom of the man's heart; this touch of nature had done him the unkindness of loosening for a moment the bonds of his shackledom. The scales dropped from his eyes; he stood face to face with his misery, and thought of their home, his and hers. It was in a hot, dirty back street, close to the river, and opposite a piece of waste ground, where squalid children made a weary pretense at play, and where the filth and rubbish of generations seemed to have accumulated. Twenty-nine shillings a week will not go very far in London—and then there were debts to pay off. Never mind how they had come by them; they were honorable debts. If it had been only himself—well, he could have borne all this and more; for nature had given to him some touch of that marvelous unselfishness which sends many a man tottering through the world with a patience almost Christlike, and the burdens of other men heaped upon his bowed shoulders. But there was Edith! She had been used to different things. God had never meant her for a drudge! She read poetry—how he wished that he could understand it!—and she loved pretty things. Ah, if only he could get them for her! Sometimes he had seen her stand at the window of their little front room, and shiver from head to foot as she looked out across the filthy street to the desolation beyond. He wondered—what a black, chill thought, had he sinned in marrying her? Had she understood how miserable a creature a city clerk is, and always must be, how hopeless his limitations, how slowly, shilling by shilling, his wages creep up, as his hair grows grayer, and his figure more bent? If God had only given him muscle instead of those wretched smatterings of brain power! He saw himself suddenly as he was, saw whither he was drifting—the decadence of his faint shadow of manhood, the closing in of the iron walls! There was a sob in his throat; it was a moment of rare revolt. God! what chance had he! The same little cycle of work day by day, the same walk to the office, the same walk back! The daily pitiful struggle for respectability with his rusty black clothes, patched and mended, and his hat ironed almost bare of all nap. Every day had been hammered into almost the exact similitude of the day that preceded and the day that followed it. Life and hope must narrow continually; it is habit which crushes. Did she understand these things, he wondered? God only knew! He wished pitifully that she would come; the music in the cornfields was growing fainter, and the squirrel had vanished from sight.

At last! He could see her white gown on the other side of the hedge. There was someone with her, a gentleman. It was Mr. Rupert! What was he doing away from his house full of guests, and—he was actually carrying their lunch, neatly done up in a brown paper parcel! The man rubbed his eyes—yes! it was quite true—he was not dreaming! How earnestly they were talking, too! Now he had taken her book—it was a volume of poetry, and he was marking something in it with a pencil. The man took an uneasy step forward—should he go and meet them? No. He would stay where he was, he would be ill at ease with Mr. Rupert. They came nearer; she seemed to be quoting from the book in her hand, and he was silent. They reached the gate; again the man moved, then hesitated; he would not go, he would wait! They were talking as equals; it would be hateful to have to call Mr. Rupert "Sir" before her. They lingered there for a moment; he was leaning against the gate looking at her. How beautiful she was! He began to speak—how plainly the words traveled through that still air!

"I wonder, Mrs. Spearmain, if I might venture to make a very daring personal remark; it is half a question, too. Perhaps I should call it an enigma."

"I think you had better not!"

The man scarcely recognized the woman's voice; it sounded to him strained, suppressed, unnatural! Her eyes seemed to be avoiding her companion's; she was looking steadfastly across the cornfields. What did she see upon the hills yonder? Perhaps she, too, was listening to that faint, sweet music.

"Nevertheless I must," he persisted, quietly; "and I rely upon you for a faithful answer. Why did you marry David Spearmain?"

The summer heat had gone; the man who listened was suddenly cold! His brain was in a whirl; he wanted to cry out, but there was a weight upon his lips. He was forced to listen!

The woman faced her questioner; her head was thrown proudly back, but her lips were quivering, and she was very pale.

"That is a question which you should not have asked," she said, coldly. "It is——"

"No business of mine, you would say," he interrupted, impatiently. "Quite true! Yet answer me."

"I will not!" she murmured, passionately.

He smiled down at her with a slow, curious smile.

"Then I am answered," he said. "I am content."

She turned upon him, and to the man who listened her finger-nails appeared to be buried in the wood of the gate!

"I was penniless, alone, wretched! He nursed my father, he was good to me, he is always good to me! I—I love him!"

It seemed strange to him, a pale, scared figure standing like a ghost in the shadow of the elm-tree, that the sun was shining still so brightly. There was a cold weight upon his heart, a mist before his eyes; her voice had faltered in the middle of that last sentence!

"Forgive me," her companion said, softly, "but it is not possible; you and he are of different worlds. He is a complete human automaton—a mere machine; he has neither ambition nor imagination—he has not the capacity for either. You have them both! You have education and sensibility; you were never meant for such a life with that man! It is sapping your days away; in the end it would drive you mad—but the end will not come."

The rich, warm color had flooded her cheeks; she drew a step farther away from him.

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

"I mean that you will leave him," he answered, slowly. "It is inevitable; you cannot help it; you owe it to yourself. Nature never meant you to be a drudge."

"There are worse things," she murmured.

Then he stooped down and whispered something in her ear, bending eagerly toward her, and with a sudden fire in his eyes.

She left him at once without a word; he remained there, vexed and irresolute. Her movement had been so quick and determined that he had been powerless to detain her. The man saw her comnig toward him, and though her face was as pale as the white poppy which she had plucked a few moments before, there was a spot of color burning in her cheeks and a strained look under her eyes. He stole farther away, back into the little tangled wood, and threw himself upon the ground with a faint moan. Where he was now, the sound of the wind rustling amid the corn-tops came muffled and vague, and the sunlight was not. The linnet's song had ceased, and there was a deeper chill in the air than befitted a summer day. When she found him it seemed as though he had been asleep.

She was silent; so was he. Was it his fancy, or was she really kinder, more tender than usual? He tried to talk to her, but there was a seal upon his lips; he wanted to tell her of the squirrel, to take her down to the hedgerow and bid her listen to that sweet, sad music among the breeze-swept corn, to show her the linnet's nest, and to give her the honeysuckle he had plucked from the flower-wreathed hedge. But he could do none of these things, for he was stricken with a sudden dumbness, and there was a strange aching in his heart. There were things dawning upon him which he had never understood! Was that indeed his death sentence which he had heard pronounced? Presently she said something to him; she was looking away through the trees, and her tone was dull and unemotional.

"David," she said, "would you mind very much if I asked you to do something which will seem odd to you?"

"What is it?" he asked.

"I want to go back. I do not want to stay here any longer."

"We will go tonight," he answered, quietly. "There is a train at 6 o'clock."

She looked at him in quick wonderment; she had expected incredulity, questions—he asked her none, he was content to go; All these beautiful sounds and sights, then, had failed to penetrate for one moment the hard husk of his materialism! Perhaps even he was pining for his worm-eaten desk and his musty ledger. Was it her fault that a shade of contempt passed across her face—that her own sense of despair grew deeper? But the man saw it, and his heart was near breaking.

* * * * * * *

Bermondsey was very hot, and there was a fetid smell from the piled-up nastiness of that wretched plot of waste ground. He went back to his desk, back to the endless grapplings with endless columns of figures, back to his part in the building up of other men's fortunes. Day by day he left home at half-past eight to the moment, turned the same corners and crossed the same streets, looking even into the faces of the same crowd of hurrying fellow-creatures. His coat was a little more rusty, and the nap of his hat had quite gone now. Sometimes he fancied that there were more gray hairs too—only yesterday one of his fellow-slaves had alluded to a stoop which had lately bent his shoulders. He was still a reliable machine; he made no mistakes, and his work was at neat as ever. Only sometimes in the dinner-hour (he was permitted the privilege of eating his sandwich upon the counting-house stool) or in the dead of night, when the woman by his side slept, he allowed himself the strange luxury of thought. He looked out into the vague shadows of their bare little bed-chamber, and he fancied that he could hear the low rustling of a summer wind in the elm-tree tops, and feel the sun warming his bones and brightening up the whole sad world. He heard the chirping of linnets, the clear song of a distant lark, and the deep, low humming of a whole world of insects, making strange minor music in the sunlit air. The squirrel came out from his leafy chamber and talked to him like an old friend; a black-headed chaffinch sat on a hawthorn twig and sang him a little song. Then a city clock, loud-tongued and brazen, chimed the hour, and his fanciful world faded away before that grim note of reality. He fell back upon the pillow, with lips tightly pressed together, lest that smothered groan might wake the girl who slept so calmly by his side.

But for him there was no sleep; in those long watches of the night he sometimes forgot that he was only a machine, his heart swelled, his eyes were dim, and he knew the full measure of his slavery. Why did she marry such a creature? Did she see his destiny, he wondered, written so pitilessly upon his plain, emotionless face, branded upon his speech, the hallmark of his ignorance.

But when the daylight came he was himself again. With white face and leaden eyes he prepared for his daily slavery in the same slow, mcehanical fashion. He made the usual remarks—he kept a little stock of them—and she answered him in the same spirit. But it was seldom that their eyes met, for the shadow was always there. She, too, he thought, seemed to be growing thinner; she read less poetry, she was always looking out with dull eyes upon a hopeless future; yet she was struggling bravely to do her duty. Every day there was a faint, wan smile, the usual inquiry as to the day's work, the weather, some other trifling word obviously prepared beforehand; and he answered her with rigid calm as he hung up his coat after carefully removing the dust from it, and exchanging it for a still shabbier garment. Sometimes they took a weary little walk, mostly on Sundays, along an endless succession of ugly streets, bounded by squalid houses, or dreary shuttered shops. There was no escape from their environment, for he had no money for 'buses, and she was not strong enough to walk far. The pavements burned their feet, and their eyes were sore at the wilderness of bricks and mortar, the throngs of hideously dressed, ill-mannered neighbors, the utter absence of all things beautiful. The whole panorama was a nightmare to them. They were deep down in the hell of the poverty-stricken, and together—the man thought sometimes in those long watches of the night—together they could never escape from it. He had no increase of salary to hope for; if he had dared to ask for it there were hundreds clamoring for his bread. He would be lucky, as old age came on, if he could keep his place. For him there was no climbing out—no escape. But for her! How long would she suffer? God only knew! Sometimes he thought that he must cry out and ask her, but the shadow was there, and he dared not. They were walking together within its dark folds, and his tongue was palsied.

Now and then, very seldom, for he was a great sportsman, Rupert Denning came to the office. He passed the white, stooping figure who never looked up at his entrance with a greeting half-contemptuous, half-pitying! Once, however, he called him into his private office. It was a day when the man was feeling worse even than usual. All night long he had lain awake, and this morning there was a livid shade in his face, and his eyes were leaden. His collar was more badly frayed than ever, and his shirt—he was bound to make it last three days—was very soiled. With his block in his hand, he took down rapidly, without [illegible], a letter from the young man's dictation. In the midst of it there came a pause. After a while he raised his eyes; Mr. Rupert was doing him the honor to observe him closely, his lips were slightly curled, his eyes spoke of that pity which is much akin to contempt. The clerk knew well of what his master was thinking; he was wondering what magic he, the poor machine, had used to win a lady for his wife. Ah! well, it was simple magic after all. He had nursed her dying father; night after night they two had sat with him alone, watching and tending him through an illness from which all the neighbors had fled away in horror. His savings for five years had gone to bury that poor old man—a stranger, a fellow-lodger by chance. And there were other matters, but they were not important. Rupert Denning knew none of these things, and he might well wonder. The eyes of the two men met across the table. He was a man of the modern world, devoted to the acquisition of new sensations, absolutely without self-consciousness. The light in a poor clerk's eyes had no meaning for him; yet he was dimly made to feel the presence of something almost resembling dignity in that motionless, shadowy figure, waiting so patiently at his elbow. He coughed, and finished the dictation of his letter.

That night the man walked home a little more slowly than usual. There was a burning pain in his head, and strange light before his eyes. He said nothing to the woman, and they went to their room at the customary hour. But while she slept a strange thing came to him. He raised himself in the bed. Ah, what a change! It was true, then! He listened. Yes, the sea-music was awake in the cornfield, and the whole world outside the wood where he was lying was flooded with the golden sunlight! He laughed softly to himself with joy. See, there was a shaft of it, right at his feet, across the brown ant-heap and that little clump of purple foxglove! How the bees were working round the honeysuckle; the air was quivering with the buzz of their wings! He was watching a beetle now; he was a dull, unlovely insect enough, but he was creeping toward that line of sunlight. Now he had reached it. What a mighty change! How his wings gleamed! They were like burnished copper; he had suddenly become a beautiful thing! And here came his friend the squirrel! He had found some nuts in a hazel-bush yonder; but why, the man wondered, holding his burning head and staring steadily in front of him, was he sitting at the foot of the bed? and why did he look so solemn? What was that through the trees? The gleam of a white dress—two figures! He listened to their voices! What was he asking her?

"Why did you marry him?"

The man moaned; there was a pain at his heart. He was on fire! What was he doing? He would wake Edith; he could not help it, the laughter would come! He waved his arms. Noble little linnet, sing away, sing away! If only he could catch that squirrel, Edith would like it so! She was out of bed now. She was trying to make him lie down; it was too bad, but he could not help laughing; how his sides ached! Her face was as white as death; she was frightened. What was she saying at the gate? A machine—a mere machine—that is what he was! Never mind, the fires were in his brain. He was free, free!

* * * * * * *

Once more their voices! The man was too weak to move. He lay still and looked out into the room; Rupert Denning was standing in the doorway with a great basket of flowers and a box under his arm. She had risen and was looking at him with a question in her face. The man heard his soft, pleasant voice.

"I do hope that you will not consider me an intruder, Mrs. Spearmain," he said. "We are all so glad to hear that the doctor gives you some hope after all. May I come in for a moment?"

She did not answer him at once, but he came in and closed the door after him.

"You are quite worn out," he continued, looking at her tenderly. "It is really too bad of you! I insist that you let me send you a nurse; it will be a pleasure to me to be allowed to serve you in any way."

The woman rose up and spoke.

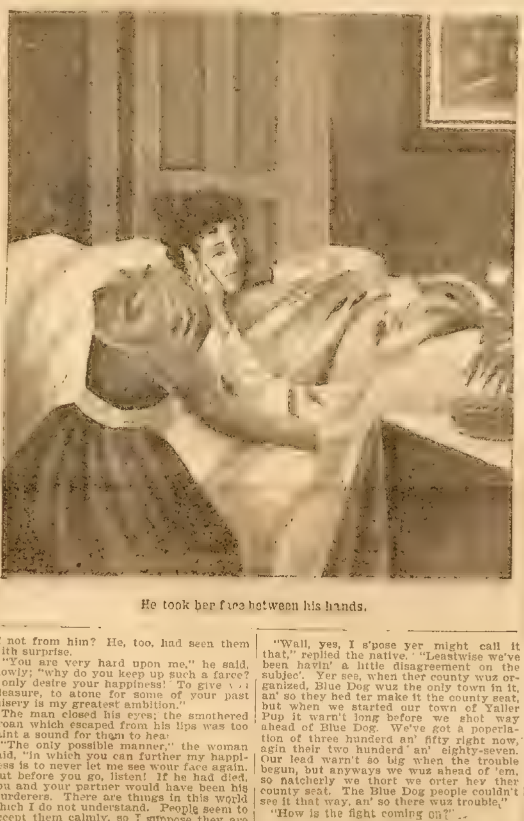
"I thank you, Mr. Denning, but no one else shall nurse my husband."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It must be as you will, of course! At least you will accept some flowers from me, and these grapes."

"I am very much obliged," she answered, "but I already have all the flowers the doctor will permit in the room, and plenty of fruit."

The sick man slowly turned his eyes, the table by his side was smothered with beautiful roses; one great red blossom had become detached and was lying upon his pillow. There was a bowl, too, full of such grapes as he had never seen before. He was bewildered; where did they come from if not from him? He, too, had seen them with surprise.



He took her face between his hands.

"You are very hard upon me," he said, slowly; "why do you keep up such a farce? I only desire your happiness! To give you pleasure, to atone for some of your past misery is my greatest ambition."

The man closed his eyes; the smothered groan which escaped from his lips was too faint a sound for them to hear.

"The only possible manner," the woman said, "in which you can further my happiness is to never let me see your face again. But before you go, listen! If he had died, you and your partner would have been his murderers. There are things in this world which I do not understand. People seem to accept them calmly, so I suppose they are what is called inevitable. But in God's world they will be righted somehow! You see what you have made of him! He is a human being, a better man than you, and he has as much right to live. You reap wealth from his labors and the labor of his fellows, and you keep him—like that—half-starved. While you are making a fortune you raise his salary grudgingly, shilling by shilling. You broke him upon the wheel! Oh, it is abominable!"

He listened to her quite unmoved.

"He had as much as he was worth; there are thousands who would have taken his place."

"Some day," she answered, scornfully, "those thousands may be your judges! What is wrong I do not know. I have not thought of these things before, and I am an ignorant woman! But if there is a God of justice, there will be a balance struck some day between you and them."

"Edith!"

She stopped him passionately.

"Oh, don't dare to call me by that name! Once for five minutes I let you talk to me foolishly. God knows I meant no harm! If he had died, I should have felt a murderess, for he overheard, and he said nothing. It is that and the misery of our life here which drove him mad. I have wronged him every moment. When I thought that he was content, and despised him for it, he was suffering cruelly. You gave him—what was it?—twenty-nine shillings a week? He let me think it was more; he starved himself day by day for my sake. Oh! he has been a hero, and I thank God that he will never darken your doors again."

He laughed unpleasantly as he prepared to go.

"No one else will want him!"

The woman lifted up her head proudly.

"I shall want him! I could cry with joy when I think that at last I can repay a little a devotion which rich men such as you could never understand. I have been left money—not a fortune, but enough to keep us, wherever we choose to live."

He looked at her thoughtfully. She was thin and haggard, but she was wonderfully beautiful.

"You are romantic," he said, "but you cannot make him anything save what he is; you can never be happy with him!"

Then the man who lay upon the bed saw that she was trembling from head to foot with passion. Her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes flashed fire.

"Oh, you poor fool!" she cried, "haven't you the wit to see that I love him—that I have loved him all the time! Now go!"

And with that he went; and the woman, coming softly to the bedside, found the man's eyes open, and knew that he had been spared to her. She fell on her knees, and his thin wasted arms drew her face down to his; and in that moment the doors of their prison-house stood open!

◆

Blue Dog Vs. Yaller Pup.

"I understand you are having a county seat war here," said the traveling man.

"Wall, yes, I s'pose yer might call it that," replied the native. "Leastwise we've been havin' a little disagreement on the subjec'. Yer see, when their county wuz organized, Blue Dog wuz the only town in it, an' so they hed ter make it the county seat, but when we started our town of Yaller Pup it warn't long before we shot way ahead of Blue Dog. We've got a poperlation of three hunderd an' fifty right now, agin their two hunderd an' eighty-seven. Our lead warn't so big when the trouble begun, but anyways we wuz ahead of 'em, so natcherly we thort we orter hev ther county seat. The Blue Dog people couldn't see it that way, an' so there wuz trouble."

"How is the fight coming on?"

"We've quit fightin' now. We're goin' ter settle it by arbitration."

"Isn't that rather an unusual method in [illegible]?"

"Wal, yes, it is, but then yer see we wuz afraid if we killed off too many of the poperlation some other town would git ahead of both of us, so we agreed to leave it to Colonel Jeff Thomas of Blue Dog an' Major Jim Wilson of Yaller Pup."

"They are the arbitrators?"

"Yep. They're goin' ter meet down by the creek this afternoon an' arbitrate the matter with a couple o' shotguns."

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AMONG THE COUNTERFEITERS.

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SYNOPSIS

Nevin Titham and Keith Kimberly, two adventurous lads, go hunting and get lost on an island among the swamps. They are attacked by a dog, which Keith kills with his rifle. A girl appears and attacks them for killing her four-footed companion. Finally the lost boys go with her to her home, a log house in a clearing. Mrs. Dampers, June's mother, treats them oddly. When Mr. Dampers returns he is greatly disturbed. That night the boys sleep in the loft of the rude dwelling and Dampers prepares to kill them. They drop from a window and escape into the woods. Dampers, rifle in hand, searches for them. They elude Dampers and spend the night in the woods. Keith discovers a man in the morning and follows him. They come to another cabin on solid ground in the swamp. Keith asks for food While at the house Keith's rifle is stolen. In attempting to find it he opens a cupboard and finds a great heap of new silver dollars The truth flashes on him that they are in the clutches of counterfeiters. Mr. Torchet, the man who lives in the cabin, tries to kill Keith after the boy's dangerous discovery. Keith is rescued by Nevin

CHAPTER XIII.

A STRUGGLE IN THE DARK

A very much frightened girl confronted Keith as he crossed the threshold of the next room. Several minutes elapsed ere she could suppress her fright sufficiently to speak. Meantime she clung to the arm of her boy friend and moaned piteously.

"Now do be calm, Miss June," urged Keith. "You're perfectly safe; nobody shall harm you."

"I saw a face there in the moonlight, at the window," explained the frightened girl the moment she could command her voice. Keith glanced at the window through which the moonlight streamed. He saw only cobwebs and shadowy outlines of the forest foliage beyond

"It was only a bad dream, June," he said, soothingly.

"No, no, don't say that. If you won't believe what I tell you I sha'n't say another word. I was wide awake when the face was pressed against the glass He had such an awful look it scared me most to death Do you think he will try to take me back If he does, he may beat me again, or [illegible] kill me! Oh, I don't want to back again, ever!"

"Who was it, June?"

"My father. He is terribly angry; he means to kill me, I know he does," cried the shuddering girl, clinging more closely to her protector.

Not far away stood Nevin, his thin form looking uncanny in the moonlight. He had heard every word uttered by June and became scarcely less agitated than she.

"Old Dampers again," muttered the boy, while his hands closed tightly about the gun he had snatched from the ground. "I'll just step out and investigate."

And then Nevin hurried from the place. Pausing just outside the door, he drew the hammer of his weapon and peered sharply about on every side, determined, should an enemy appear, not to be caught napping. It was not without fear that the thin boy began a search of the vicinity. He knew that he made a plain mark in the moonlight for the bullet of an ambushed foe, and after skirting the old ruin, darted to the cover of a nearby thicket.

He now breathed easier. He occupied a position in which he had an unobstructed view of the window against which the face that frightened little June had been pressed.

"If old Dampers shows himself," muttered the boy, "I'll creep out and capture him. He may have friends along—and it may all be a dream!"

This latter opinion became dominant when the lad saw no signs of life in the little opening. Tiring at length of his vigil, Nevin set out to explore the woods in the immediate vicinity of the shanty. He moved with caution, having a wholesome fear of an ambuscade.

"No use in looking further," he decided, at length. "June didn't see a thing. She dreamed it all, and I am going back to the shanty and take another snooze."

Turning about, he started toward the shanty. As he stepped into an old wagon road where the moonlight fell about him, a man darted from the bushes directly upon him. Hands seized the gun and attempted to wrench it from the boy's grasp. Nevin realized his danger on the instant, and clung with the strength of desperation to his gun. Should the man who had sprung upon him succeed in his desperate intent, Nevin felt that his life would pay the forfeit.

"Give me the gun, you young vagabond!"

The words were hotly uttered in the ear of Nevin. The boy clung with desperation. Back and forth across the road boy and man struggled for possession of the gun.

Panting, sweating, tugging! Down they plunge at length, and then—crack! A bright flash and sharp report rings out. The combatants fall apart. One writhes and groans, and does not rise

"You have killed me, boy!"

Finding himself free, Nevin, still clutching his gun, ran swiftly toward the shanty Keith met him at the door

"I heard a shot," cried the latter quickly

"Yes I've killed him, I guess," panted Nevin.

"Killed him—"

"Yes, yes. Come quickly, Keith! He lies out in the old road yonder"

The two boys hastened to the spot where Nevin's assailant lay groaning. They raised him with care and bore him to the front room of the old shanty. June was there, quite too badly frightened to think of sleeping any more that night.

Depositing the wounded man on the ground near the fireplace the boys began at once to replenish the fire. When the light gleamed up, filling the room, the face of the wounded man was plainly revealed. No surprise was manifested when they recognized Terry Dampers. His face was deathly pale, and there were spots of blood upon it which gave it a more terrible expression.

Nevin was completely unnerved, and refused to go near, or even look at the wounded man. Keith, though very much perturbed, realized the necessity for immediate action, and went to the side of the settler and knelt down

"He's done for me!" gasped the man faintly

"Oh, no, I guess not," said Keith, who, with trembling fingers pulled open the coat of Dampers to get at the wound. This movement served to reveal a ragged wound in the right shoulder. It did not appear to the boy to be necessarily mortal, although it was bleeding profusely. He used his handkerchief to stanch the flow of blood. He succeeded in doing this after a time, then placed his coat under the man's head and made him as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

"You're worth two dead men yet, Mr. Dampers," said the stout lad cheerily, much relieved to know that all immediate danger was over

The settler closed his eyes and lay very still for a long time June sat by the fire and watched the wounded man's white face. It looked so like the face of a dead person that the girl shuddered. However much she feared him she yet felt a degree of affection for her father, and it grieved her to the heart to see him lying there so white and still.

The boys stood at one side, conversing in low tones. They did not doubt June's statement of seeing a face at the window now She had seen her father, and he was now past all power to do them or the little girl an injury.

"He may have companions," suggested Nevin

"If he has why don't they show up?" said Keith

"Only because they fear the consequences I suppose. Why not question Dampers, Keith? I don't like to feel that we are in danger of being pounced upon at any moment"

"He may be too weak to talk."

"Try him, anyhow."

"All right."

Keith stepped to the side of the wounded man, who seemed to be sleeping. Kneeling at his side the boy touched his hand lightly. The eyes of the settler opened quickly.

"I wish to ask you a question, Mr. Dampers," said Keith "Did you have any companions tonight?"

"No

"Where are your friends, Bangs and Torchet?"

"Can't say We got separated early in the day"

"Were you hunting for us?"

"Yes. That is for—for my girl, June. Where is she? Tell her to come to me, will you?"

Keith had no need to call the girl. She had crept forward the moment her father began to speak, and stood now at the elbow of her boy friend.

"Father!" uttered June, falling on her knees at the side of the wounded man. She kissed his pale lips and began to weep softly. Keith arose at once and stepped aside.

"I am going to die, June, and it is you who have killed me," the boy heard Dampers say as he walked away. Keith plucked his chum's sleeve and requested him to follow. He led the way to the open air. Once here he said:

"There's going to be a scene and I had rather not witness it. June feels awful over the shooting."

"Do you think it was my fault, Keith?"

"Certainly not. From what you tell me you had a very narrow escape. And then, too, it may have been Dampers who fired the gun. However the wound may result, you are blameless, Nevin.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Keith. I wouldn't have that man's blood on my hands for the world. I expect June'll hate me when he lays the shooting to me."

At this moment a low voice called the name of Keith. It was June, who had come noiselessly to the door. The boys turned and approached.

"Poor papa fears he's going to die," said she, falteringly, "and—and he wants one or both of you boys to go for a doctor

"Good land!" ejaculated Nevin, "I'd like to know where he expects we'll find a doctor."

Keith said nothing, but followed the girl into the shanty and to the side of her wounded parent

CHAPTER XIV.

SEEKING A DOCTOR—A SURPRISE.

"Will you go for a doctor, Keith?"

It was the wounded settler who spoke, while the boy whose name he pronounced stood beside him in the dimly-lighted shanty room.

"I am willing to go," said Keith, "but I am afraid I shall not be able to find my way. To tell you the truth, Mr. Dampers, Nevin and I are lost"

"I know where you are. This is the old camp of Peters & Company," returned the man, huskily. "You can follow the logging road, can you not?"

"I think so, sir."

"It is only a mile from here to the main traveled road that runs to Mill Point. Half a mile from the crossing, to the left, is the Wilder tavern—"

"Well, indeed!" exclaimed Keith, who had visited the tavern many times, and who was surprised to learn how near home he really was.

"Old Doctor Hanks stops at the tavern; bring him back with you."

"Trust me for that, Mr. Dampers," said Keith

"Will you go at once, my boy?"

"Yes, right now, sir."

"Because, you see, I am bleeding inwardly and can't last long unless I get help."

Keith walked to the door. June accompanied him. For a minute the two stood there in the dim light, without speaking. Keith took the girl by the hand and pressed it reassuringly.

"Be very careful, Keith," said she tremulously. "If anything should happen to you I don't know what would become of me."

"Don't worry about me," said the boy, sturdily. "I'll come back inside of two hours, with the doctor. Nevin will remain here and keep everything straight until I get back. Good-by."

Keith raised her brown hand to his lips, then passed out into the moonlight and hurried away down the ill-defined road. A choking sensation filled the girl's throat as she turned back once more to the side of her wounded father.

Nevin, feeling somewhat embarrassed when he found himself the sole defender of the forest castle, marched into the outer air, and paced up and down before the shanty like a soldier on sentry duty. Keith would not have trusted the settler under different circumstances. Wounded unto death, it was not likely that he would give utterance to a falsehood. The boy had considerable difficulty in keeping the road, although the moonlight was an aid that could have been illy dispensed with.

Slowly and carefully the boy pursued his way. His brain was somewhat confused from the effects of excitement, loss of sleep and long fasting, yet he made no mistakes, and at the end of half an hour he stepped into a well-beaten road which crossed the one he had been traveling at right angles.

"This is the river road!" exclaimed the boy, joyfully. "I know pretty nearly my whereabouts now. It's only half a mile to Wilder's tavern. I wonder if I shall find any of them up."

He knew now that Terry Dampers had directed him aright, and he pursued his way along the well-beaten road with a feeling of hopeful elation. It did not require many minutes to bring the boy in sight of the roadside inn To his joy a light gleamed in the windows Keith paused a moment as strains of music floated out on the evening air

"They're having a dance," he said "I shall find them all up, which I count as great luck indeed."

The boy hastened forward, pausing again when under the roof of the broad porch which ran the length of the tavern front. The outside door was open so that the boy had a view of the interior. He saw that several men were lounging and smoking in the barroom. The faces were all strange to him. Sounds of music and merriment proceeded from another room, telling of the ball at full swing therein.

"Is Mr. Wilder in?" asked Keith.

"I am Mr. Wilder," said a short, rotund individual, who now rose from a chair and came forward "What can I do for you, my boy?"

"I wish to see Doctor Hanks."

"I reckon you can't see him just now."

"Isn't he here?"

"No. He went up the river this morning and hasn't got back yet."

"When will he return?"

"That I can't say. Some big man was quite sick, and I suppose the doctor'll stay till he gets better—or dies. What's the trouble?"

"A man met with an accident," said Keith.

"Who is it?"

"Terry Dampers."

"What, the Clam Creek squatter? What's happened to him?" cried the rotund tavern-keeper, evincing the deepest interest.

"He was accidentally shot."

"Is he badly hurt?"

"I fear so, sir.

"It's too bad the doctor isn't here. I don't know what you'll do. It's a long ways over to Dampers' place. Hanks may return by morning, though. If he does shall I send him over?"

"Yes," said Keith, forgetting that the tavern-keeper did not know that Dampers was lying in a shanty scarcely three miles distant, instead of at his own home on the Clam. While boy and man stood near the center of the room conversing, Keith glanced over Wilder's shoulder to see a pair of glittering eyes fixed on his face. Then for the first time the boy realized that one of the inmates of the tavern barroom was not wholly a stranger to him

The owner of the keen eyes was Dud Bangs, whom Keith had had the pleasure of knocking over at the time he rescued June and Nevin from a perilous position on the previous day. Was he recognized in turn? Of the three bogus money-coiners this man Bangs was the least of a villain. He was the only one of the trio who had been averse to shedding blood, and Keith feared him less and respected him more on this account.

The man seemed to have fully recovered from the blow Keith had given him on the previous day. He had tossed aside a cheap cigar, and now rose to his feet approaching the boy and landlord.

"So Terry Dampers hez got a bullet inter him, hez he?" drawled the fellow, with a grimace. "Is him a-goin' ter die, lad?"

"I'm afraid so," said Keith.

"Where is he?"

This pointed query took Keith unawares.

"Not far away—about three miles," he said, then bethought himself, and quickly decided that it was not best to give any further information to this man who was in league with Dampers and Torchet in the manufacture of spurious money. Walking to a corner Keith deposited his rifle and then sat down near it, on a rickety chair. The eyes of Bangs became riveted on the weapon.

Keith wondered if he recognized the rifle as the one he had appropriated on the previous day. The lad became unnerved and trembly for the moment. Bangs advanced and spoke again, seeming determined not to be put off with evasive language.

"About where is the old man now?"

"The old man?" Keith pretended not to understand.

"I mean old Dampers, of course Where is he now?

"In the woods, badly wounded. I can't tell any more. I shall stop here and await the return of Doctor Hanks."

"That's right, sonny. Good boy, good boy you be."

Bangs turned on his heel, stepped to the bar and called for whisky. He turned to Keith and asked him to share his potations Of course the lad declined and Bangs tossed off his liquor alone. He threw down a bright silver dollar in payment. On receiving the change he turned about and without a word quitted the room. Mr. Wilder was turning the dollar, a bright new piece, over in his hand, when Keith stepped up and asked to see it.

"It looks like it was right from the mint," chuckled the landlord.

"It hasn't been from there a great while, depend on that," said Keith.

The tavern-keeper was called away before

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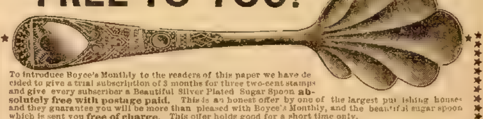

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LIKE A GOOD TEMPER SHEDS A BRIGHTNESS EVERYWHERE.

the boy could comment further, by the arrival of three men on horseback. Keith turned away from examining the new dollar at hearing a familiar voice in the doorway. The three new arrivals were just entering the room.

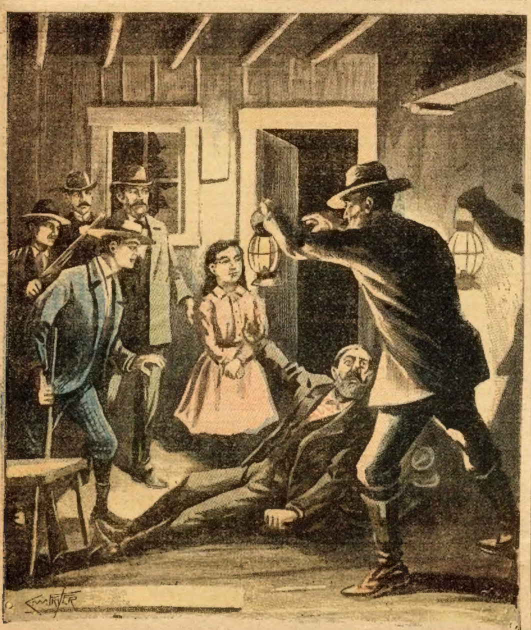
Keith uttered a cry of glad astonishment as he recognized in the foremost of the trio his own father!

CHAPTER XV.

OLD ENEMIES MEET.

"Keith!" exclaimed Mr. Kimberly, crossing the floor with outstretched hands, a look of relief flooding his face. "Where in the world have you been since day before yesterday? I've had half the town out searching for you. Where is Nevin Tetham? His parents are nearly wild about him."

"One question at a time, father," laughed the stout boy, his heart leaping with joy at sight of loved parent's face once more. "Nevin is safe. We have been lost in the woods and have had the greatest lot of adventures. I think we have discovered a den of counterfeiters as well."



"This is your child, Jerome Kimberly, your lost Pearl."

"Counterfeiters!" exclaimed the mill-owner. "Why, these gentlemen here are looking for such chaps, and will be glad of any information you can give them."

The men who accompanied Mr. Kimberly proved to be government detectives, who had been sent out for the express purpose of ferreting out a gang of bogus money-coiners which had been located somewhere in the north woods.

"I think I know where one gang is at any rate," said Keith. "One of the fellows left here just before you entered. Here is a dollar he paid over the bar to Mr. Wilder; maybe that is bad."

Keith turned the dollar over to one of the keen-eyed men who accompanied his father.

"It is bogus!" said the detective the moment it touched his velvet fingers. "You say this fellow was here only a short time since——"

"Yes, he went out not ten minutes since."

"Do you think he knew of our presence and took alarm?" asked one of the detectives.

"I don't see how he could," returned Keith. "His name is Dud Bangs—perhaps you know him?"

"He's one of them," exclaimed the detective, turning to consult his companion. Mr. Kimberly drew his son aside and from his lips learned the whole story of the two boys' adventures in the woods.

"This man Dampers is a great villain," said the mill-owner, when his son had concluded his account.

"Yes, and that is why he changed his name, I suppose."

"Has he another name?"

"I think his right name is Richard Barstow."

"Richard Barstow?" Mr. Kimberly turned upon his son, white to the lips, and trembling with emotion. "What reason have you for such a belief, my son?"

When the boy gave his reasons the mill-owner's excitement increased. He expressed himself as anxious to go at once to the side of the wounded counterfeiter. A consultation was held, the landlord being a party to it. He agreed to furnish a conveyance for the party to visit the shanty. Keith, who was mindful of his long fasting, insisted on something to eat for himself and a basket of food for his friends.

After this provision was complied with, the three men and Keith set out to visit the shanty in the woods, taking passage in a light wagon drawn by a single stout horse. The party experienced considerable difficulty, after quitting the main thoroughfare, in keeping the ill-defined logging road. Trees had fallen in places across the way, compelling a detour, in which much time was lost. The shanty was reached at length, however, and Nevin met them at the door.

"How is he?" asked Keith.

"Very bad. Have you fetched a doctor?"

"No. He will come later."

Mr. Kimberly exchanged greetings with his son's friend, then followed him into the shanty, which was but dimly illuminated by the fire on the hearth. June sat on the box, looking very glum indeed, when the party entered. She had been weeping, and her cheeks were still moist with tears.

She paid little heed to the newcomers, brooding too deeply on the subject of her parent's wound to care for her surroundings. Dampers turned his face toward the door as the party entered. His deepset eyes seemed to take a fierce gleam into their depths when the face of Mr. Kimberly met their gaze. The mill-owner bent low and peered sharply into the face of the wounded settler. He seemed to be carefully studying every lineament of that dark face.

A quick spasm of pain convulsed the face of Kimberly. He caught his breath with a sharp sound, then dropped upon one knee, continuing to gaze at the prostrate and helpless settler.

"Richard Barstow at last—at last!" uttered the mill-owner hoarsely.

The wounded man closed his eyes and groaned.

"You are in my power at last, Richard," pursued Kimberly. "I have never ceased to look for you, despoiler of my home. I came west thinking to find you, and my efforts have been blessed, thanks to my boy Keith and Neighbor Tetham's son I shall see that you are punished for the cruel murder of my baby girl. What have you to say in defense of your crime, Richard? Speak quickly, before I forget myself and take the law into my own hands."

"No need of that, Jerome. I shall die anyway, thanks to your neighbor's son and yours. Kill me now if you like."

A gurgling laugh accompanied the words. Keith and the rest, all save June, were gathered about the two men on the ground. Keith realized that in the wounded settler his father had found an old enemy, one who had wronged him most bitterly in the past. The mystery surrounding Dampers was, the boy believed, about to be cleared up.

"You refuse to say anything——"

"What shall I say?" uttered the wounded man, turning over his sound shoulder, groaning with the pain of the wound. "You know why I robbed you of little Pearl. You robbed me of my property and turned it over to my bitter enemy. I vowed then to get even, Jerome. Although you, as my half brother's attorney, succeeded in beggaring me, and were doubtless paid for it, I more than evened the deal by stealing little Pearl, the best loved of your household. You found the note I left pinned to the babe's hat and cloak on the river bank, I suppose?"

"Yes. The note said that little Pearl's body lay beneath the water, weighted down with iron. We dragged the river for miles in a fruitless search. My poor wife was ill for weeks afterward, and she has never fully recovered from that terrible blow. Can you wonder that I hated you after that, Richard Barstow?"

"Perhaps not, but one good turn deserves another. You robbed me——"

"I did nothing of the kind," the other interrupted. "You plotted to keep your half-brother out of his inheritance. All that I did was to restore him that which was lawfully and morally his. I have never repented doing that. You were a bad man then, and it seems that time has not softened your heart. Had you not changed your name I might have found you sooner. I am not surprised to learn that you are engaged in an unlawful calling I shall take pleasure in turning you over to these gentlemen here, who are officers of the law."

"You can prove nothing against me."

"I can prove enough to hang you if you don't die of this wound," said the mill-owner, sternly.

"You forget that there's no hanging in Michigan," and a sullen laugh accompanied the words.

"True, but they hang murderers in the state where your crime was committed. The gallows alone shall satisfy the cruel murder of my innocent babe."

Jerome Kimberly spoke with intense feeling. The passing of time had failed to soften his heart toward the destroyer of his child. His face remained white and stern during the interview. With his enemy prostrate and helpless he seemed only too anxious to use his advantage toward securing his punishment.

"What if the babe was not murdered, Jerome?"

"I cannot suppose anything of the kind."

"Wait a moment. Not too fast," the wounded man articulated with apparent difficulty. "If you hadn't been such a rank idiot, Jerome Kimberly, you'd have known after dragging the river in vain that the note I pinned to the babe's cloak was a lie, penned on purpose to harrow your soul and that of your aristocratic wife."

"What are you telling me?"

"I'm telling you that Baby Pearl wasn't drowned."

"Pearl not drowned? Then what became of her? Tell me quickly, Richard; do not keep me in suspense another moment. If Pearl was not drowned, what fate befell her?" cried the old mill-owner, in agonized suspense.

"I adopted her as my own, Jerome. She has been reared in the woods, and has never known any father but me. Although ignorant of school and town, she is yet smart by nature, and, if you will agree not to prosecute me for her kidnaping you may have her for aught I care."

"Return my child and the past shall be forgive," said Kimberly, hoarsely, his strong frame trembling with emotion.

"June," called the wounded man, "come here."

The girl rose from the box and came to the side of the kneeling mill-owner.

CHAPTER XVI.

A HAPPY FINALE.

"This is your child, Jerome Kimberly – your lost Pearl."

The mill-owner saw before him a thin, dark child of a dozen years. Her eyes looked into his with mingled curiosity and timidity. She did not shrink from his gaze, however, but stood quite still and permitted him to look her over.

"Do you doubt me, Jerome? If so, examine her left elbow. You have not forgotten the frightful burn Baby Pearl got one time—the scar is even yet visible."

But Jerome Kimberly did not look where he was bidden for proof of what the wounded money-coiner was telling him. He rose to his feet instead, and led the little girl to the fire, where every lineament of her dark young face was plainly revealed to his gaze. He regarded her long and earnestly, then said, in low, tense tones:

"It is indeed Pearl! She has her mother's face."

He placed a protecting arm about the slender form and drew it closely to his heart, murmuring:

"Heaven is good to me, very kind, indeed, to give me back my child after all these long years, my own precious baby Pearl!"

The others present looked on and wondered. Keith was dumbfounded. This, then was the secret of the bitter enmity between Terry Dampers and his father. This explained the excitement exhibited by the Clam Creek settler when he heard Keith's name that night at the cabin, and it accounted also for his murderous attempt upon Nevin and himself.

"Yes, I will go with you," said June, when questioned later by the mill-owner. "They beat and misuse me at home."

A dark look visited the face of Kimberly at this. He knelt beside the wounded man once more and the two talked long and earnestly.

"I am willing to make a clean breast of it now," avowed Dampers. "Whether I live or die it matters not; I have had my revenge upon you in any event, Jerome."

"Indeed you have," groaned the listener.

"I have been in the queer coinage business for two years. There are four of us—Bangs, Torchet and another beside myself. You will find the whole outfit in the cellar of the house on Swamp island."

The voice of the wounded man was growing rapidly weak and husky. His strength was apparently spent, and from the haggard expression of his face those about him believed he would soon pass from earth.

"One moment!" exclaimed one of the detectives, as Mr. Kimberly turned aside to look after little June—his baby Pearl now. "You have not named the fourth man of your gang, Terry Dampers."

"I—I thought I named them all."

"Yourself, Bangs, Torchet, and——"

"And Jake Wilder, the taven-keeper!"

"I thought so!" ejaculated the detective, with a satisfied smile.

The counterfeiters of Swamp island were successfully trapped. Richard Barstow, alias Terry Dampers, lived to appear as a witness for the state, and the quartet were sentenced to the penitentiary for a long term of years.

When at length the abductor of little Pearl came out of prison he called at the home of the Kimberlys and humbly begged to be forgiven for his one act which had so darkened the lives of the mill-owner and his wife. After that Barstow disappeared and was never again seen by those he had so bitterly wronged.

It seems hardly necessary to speak of the great happiness that came to the Kimberlys with the return to their arms of Baby Pearl. Keith's blueberry expedition had been the means of solving a deep mystery, and the return of little June to a happy home, where her beatings and ill-treatment were of the past.

She was at once sent to school, and Keith was proud ere long of the rapid progress his sister made in her studies. Nevin Tetham is still a good friend of the Kimberleys and of Pearl in particular. He has filled out wonderfully during the last few years, has, in fact, become quite a handsome young man, with scarcely a trace of his boyish awkwardness remaining.

Pearl, with added years, has become a young woman of grace and beauty. She and the boys often speak of that time of trial in the woods, congratulating themselves that it has long since become as a dream.

At the present writing Keith is manager of his father's mill. Nevin Tetham is absent at college, but not forgotten, as, once

(Continued on page fourteen.)

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DR. PIERCE SUES W. C. T. U. PEOPLE.

Says That His Medicines Do Not Contain Alcohol

OPIUM, NOR OTHER NARCOTICS

Statements Were Made by Certain Temperance People Denying This.

ASSERTIONS WERE ANNOYING.

More Than That, the Doctor Says, They Hurt His Business and He Will Try to Recover Damages.

(From the Buffalo Evening Times.)

The suits recently instituted by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of this city, against certain propagandists of the W. C. T. U., and others, had their origin in a conflict of statement which was at once annoying to Dr. Pierce, the president of the above Association, personally, and injurious to his business interests. For some time the advertisements of Dr. Pierce' Favorite Prescription and "Golden Medical Discovery" have laid great stress upon the fact that these medicines contain no alcohol, and are absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics. It is generally known that most put-up medicines contain a large quantity of alcohol, and that in other cases liberal use is made of opium, cocaine, or other narcotics, the continual use of which is disastrous to body and mind. It was supposed, therefore, that temperance leaders, especially the women, would recognize the fact that the non-alcoholic and non-narcotic character of Dr. Pierce's medicines gave them a prior claim to the attention of all those engaged in fighting the use of alcohol. But instead of this, certain leading temperance women sent out pamphlets in which they assumed to give the formulas of Dr. Pierce's medicines, and claimed that they contained both alcohol and opium.

In self-protection and in order to publicly nail this outrageous falsehood, there was only one thing to do—bring suit against the authors of the libelous statements. This the Doctor at once proceeded to do.

THE ETHICAL POINT OF VIEW.

From an ethical point of view the most curious feature of the case is that the statements as to the alcoholic and narcotic ingredients contained in the medicines were made without first making any analysis of the medicines, and were based upon the false formulas published in the interests of parties antagonistic to Dr. Pierce's business. The publishers of these false formulas are also getting their lesson in the law.

The injury to Dr. Pierce's business from the circulation of such statements as were made in the pamphlets above referred to can readily be understood. It was natural that the temperance people to whom these pamphlets were addressed should believe in the statements of their own leaders, and accept the fact that the advertising of Dr. Pierce was flagrantly false. As a matter of fact the falsehood was entirely on the other side, and Dr. Pierce was quick to support the claims of his advertising by an offer of $1,000.00 for each and every bottle of the medicine which on analysis showed the presence of alcohol or narcotics.

BIG STAFF OF DOCTORS.

Any one who had acquaintance with Dr. Pierce and the well-known institution, the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of which he is chief consulting physician, would have known better than to attack his advertised statement, even though published formulas seemed to controvert his claims. As one of the largest advertisers in the United States, Dr. Pierce has also a reputation for the utmost exactness of statement. If Dr. Pierce says that he has nearly a score of associate physicians on his staff, you may be certain that you will find from eighteen to twenty physicians working with him, the indefinite statement being made because of occasional changes which do not honestly permit him to say "there are always twenty physicians on the staff." If the claim is made on behalf of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Favorite Prescription," that they contain no alcohol and are free from narcotics it may be depended upon that the statement is exactly true. It is the same in reference to other matters pertaining to the World's Dispensary Medical Association. Nothing is overstated, and Dr. Pierce owes his large success and enormous business as much to his absolute integrity of word and deed, as to the genuine healing value of his medicines. In a recent interview Dr. Pierce said with reference to the suits at present being prosecuted: "We are determined to stop the publication of the false formulas of our medicines.

FORMULAS NEVER RIGHT.

"These formulas are never even approximately right, and generally their falsehood extends not merely to the inclusion of alcohol and narcotics, but to mis-statements concerning every reputed ingredient of the medicines. A notable example of this falsehood was recently brought to our notice. A physician at the head of an institution, known throughout the United States, publishes a so-called health guide. In this book, among the formulas of other medicines, are given what purport to be the formulas of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Favorite Prescription.' Not one of the medicinal ingredients named in these false formulas enters into the composition of Dr. Pierce's medicines. There is no excuse for such scoundrelism, and no explanation of it except original sin. This man has a laboratory at his disposal; he could have had an analysis made had he wanted one. He probably did not want one. A lie was easier than the truth, and a great deal handier for his purpose.

"It would be interesting to know how far the rest of his book may be relied upon. If the remainder of the information it supplies is as utterly unreliable as these formulas, it will be a case of 'the blind leading the blind' to fall into the ditch. As it is, a casual glance at the book recalls that famous remark, made concerning another of the brotherhood of 'stuffed prophets'—'The gentleman relies upon his imagination for his facts and upon his memory for his wit.'

"We are going after this kind of man. We are going to show up the unprincipled liars, who lend the name and influence of an honorable profession to give weight to the falsehoods they utter. In doing this we are performing a duty to the public, as well as to ourselves."

Among the Counterfeiters.

(Continued from page thirteen.)

each week, pretty Pearl (June that was) receives from the postoffice a letter bearing the Ann Arbor postmark. Her brother often teases her about these letters, well knowing that all signs indicate that brave Nevin, who was his faithful chum in times past, will eventually become his brother in fact as well as in name.

(The end.)

AT LAST.

By J. R. T.

My lady's descending the stair,
  Wrapped in an opera cloak;
And looking surpassingly fair,
With a halo of wonderful hair,
  Like a saint whom we mortals invoke.

Though My Lady, descending the stair
  In a glory of tulle and of white,
Has often denied me a prayer,
Refused me a gift, yet I swear
  She is "coming down handsome" tonight!

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

I know you have often wondered why I think so much of this big, ugly old dog, and always let him have a warm corner by the fireside. Poor fellow! He deserves all the kindness I can give him, for under Providence he saved my life.

Fifteen years after John and I were married he lost his health and the doctors said nothing would restore it so quickly as the native air of Leigh. So we sold our shop and stock and bought a farm and some cottage property in Leigh. The change was beneficial and in a year John was as stout and hearty as ever. There was little for him to do here, and he soon began to get discontented. We staid three years in Leigh and then sold our property for $600 more than we paid for it, and bought the shop where we now are, and where we have done well.

The day that John came over here to arrange about this shop, the money for the Leigh property was paid us. I wanted John to take the money with him, but he thought it would be safer at home and he locked it up in the drawer of an old desk that had belonged to my husband's mother.

After John had left me I began to get very uneasy about the money. It was getting well on into the autumn, and was soon dark at night. At last I worked myself into such a state of alarm that I felt I durst not sleep in the house alone. In the afternoon I determined to send for a friend of John's who kept a grocery in the village, and was supposed to be very well to do. My husband used often to go and smoke a pipe with him, and he also would come to our house occasionally. He was about the only friend that my husband had made during our stay in Leigh. I sent for him, and in about half an hour he came down to our cottage. I told him about my husband receiving the money, and having to leave home to arrange about a business, and of my fear of staying in the house alone, and asked him if he would be good enough to come and sit with me till morning.

He laughed and said: "Why, Missus, what have you got to be afraid of? There is nobody in the village knows aught about your husband having this money, and if they did, I don't think there's anybody would hurt you." He went on to say that he would have been very glad to come, but he had got some bills to make out during the night, and had got to go to market early in the morning; but as he could not come himself he would bring me his big dog and leave it during the night, and that it would be as great a protection to me as the best man that ever lived.

About dusk, just as I was having my tea, my husband's friend came and brought the dog, the same old fellow who is lying so snugly by the fire now. He was not an old dog then, for it's nearly ten years since that night. "Now, Missus," said the grocerykeeper, "you lock all up safe, and Ned will take care of you. I will come and fetch him when I come back from market tomorrow." Telling the dog to lie down, and wishing me good-night, our friend left me. I fastened up the doors and windows. I was not fond of dogs then, and I was almost as frightened at being left in the house with that great, rough dog as I had been at the thought of being alone.

Presently Ned left his corner and came up to me wagging his bushy tail, and we soon became friends. By 10 o'clock I felt quite brave, having the dog by my side. I had made up my mind at first to sit up all night, but I began to think how foolish I was, and after giving Ned a good supper, I went to bed, leaving the dog downstairs.

I never knew how long I slept that night. My sleep was disturbed with all kinds of frightful dreams, and at last I awoke with a start. I listened for a minute, and then heard a low growl from the dog. This was followed by a peculiar grating noise, like the sound from a file or saw, the dog still keeping up his low growl. I felt sure that some one was trying to get into the house either through the back door or the window. My terror was so great that I could not stir or speak.

Whilst lying in an agony of suspense, I thought I heard a voice whisper, "Lie down, Ned." In another instant there was the noise of broken glass, and the sound of a man jumping on to the floor. I heard the dog bound forward. A moment afterwards there was a frightful struggle accompanied with low curses of a deep voice, and then the sound like the upsetting of a table. The struggle continued for what to me appeared ages, then all was silent except a low moaning, which gradually grew fainter and fainter, until all was still.

Never shall I forget the agony of that fearful night. At last the gray dawn broke, but it was broad daylight before I durst venture out of bed. I shouted from my bed room window until I drew the attention of some men who were working in the fields hard by. They came at once in answer to my cries, and when I heard them in the house, I mustered courage enough to go down stairs.

There, lying on the floor, was the mangled body of the store keeper, who had been worried by his own dog in his attempt to enter the house. No doubt he thought that the dog would recognize him and that he could easily get the money. To avoid detection he might possibly have murdered me.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

How to Avoid Ennui.

To avoid ennui we must shun idleness as our worst enemy; we must cultivate all our faculties; we must avoid living a narrow and circumscribed life; we must learn how to adapt ourselves to circumstances and conditions, to take pleasure in many different things, to keep ourselves in touch with different kinds of people, that we may understand and sympathize with each in turn, and we must also learn to be often our own good and pleasant companion. Variety is much more than the spice of life; it is the means of making it fuller, richer, happier, and more valuable.

Discovered by a Woman.
I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure the piles from any cause or in either sex, or any of the diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhœa, displacements, ulceration, granulation, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address
Mrs. C. B. Miller, Box 73, Kokomo, Ind.

A FAREWELL.

By Harriet Monroe.

Good-by; nay, do not grieve that it is over—
  The perfect hour;
That the winged joy, sweet honey-loving rover,
  Flits from the flower.

Grieve not; it is the law. Love will be flying—
  Yea, love and all.
Glad was the living; blessed be the dying!
  Let the leaves fall.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.
Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 121 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

A Lucky Man.

"My husband has a great advantage over most men."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He walks in his sleep."

"I don't see what advantage that can be to a person."

"Why, he can carry the baby all night long and still get his natural rest."

Evidently a Mistake.

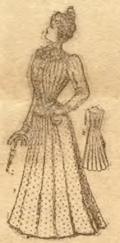
"Funston says he hasn't gall enough to ask for the kind of a political office he would be willing to accept."

"Then the report must have been wrong."

"What report?"

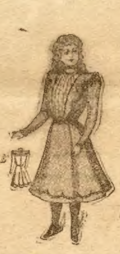
"The report that he was born in Ohio."

BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS FREE.



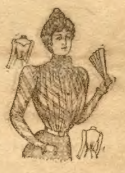
LADIES' WRAPPER WITH SHIRT WAIST YOKE AND SLEEVES, NO. 7668.

To make this wrapper in the medium size will require nine yards of material, 36 inches wide. The pattern, No. 7668, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.



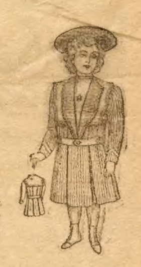
GIRLS' COSTUME, NO. 7669.

To make this costume for a girl of eight years of age will require two and one-half yards of material 44 inches wide. The pattern, No. 7669, is cut in sizes for girls 6, 8, 10, and 12 years of age.



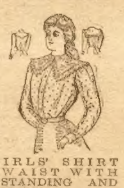
LADIES' SHIRT WAIST—To be made with Bias or Straight Fronts and Sleeves and with or without the Lining and Yoke Facing, No. 7686.

To make this waist for a lady of medium size will require 3 yards of material 30 inches wide. The pattern, 7686, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.



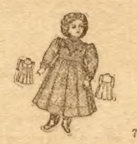
BOY'S DRESS, NO. 7694.

To make this dress for a boy 4 years of age will require 2½ yards of material, 36 inches wide. The pattern, 7694, is cut in sizes for boys 2 and 4 years of age.



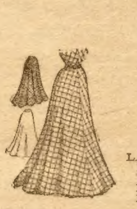
GIRLS' SHIRT WAIST WITH STANDING AND SAILOR COLLAR, EITHER OF WHICH MAY BE OMITTED, NO. 7702.

Shirt waists in this style may be of cotton, wool or silk fabrics, a stylish effect resulting from the use of plain and figured material, as here illustrated. To make this waist for a girl of 8 years will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. The pattern, 7702, is cut in sizes for girls 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.



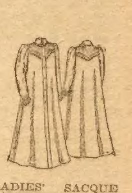
CHILD'S DRESS WITH GUIMPE EFFECT, NO. 7676.

To make this dress for a child of 4 years will require 2½ yards of material, 36 inches wide. The pattern, No. 7676, is cut in sizes for children 2, 4 and 6 years of age.



7653—LADIES' CIRCULAR SKIRT, WITH OR WITHOUT CENTER SEAM.

To make this skirt for a lady of medium size will require 5 yards of material 44 inches wide. The pattern, 7653, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.



LADIES' SACQUE NIGHT GOWN WITH APPLIED POINTED YOKE, NO. 7688.

Gowns in this style made of striped or figured French flannel or flannelette are desirable for travelling or general wear. To make this gown for a lady of medium size will require 6 yards of material 36 inches wide. The pattern, 7688, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown above are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of the above patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without an equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once. Give the numbers of the patterns and bust measure desired. Enclose money and address, PATTERN DEPARTMENT, CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

The Pirate's Daughter.

(Continued from page three.)

for you are liable to be challenged if you are a poor marksman."

"Is deulling allowed?"

"Yes. It cannot be prevented. Many men have been killed by duels that are disgraceful. But they all fear a dead shot, and he is not so apt o be challenged."

"What is the chief cause of the duelling?" asked Ravenwood.

"The women. Men fall out over their wives and sweethearts, and fight each other. Drink is another cause."

"I would think Bolidar would banish both from the island."

The youth, shaking his head, said:

"He would hardly dare do that. There would be a revolt, and he would have a civil war on the island."

Ravenwood was silent for several minutes. The two were sitting on a moss-covered stone, their eyes fixed on the ground. At last he said:

"Berti, though I have joined these pirates, I will tell you, in confidence, I have not given up the hope of escape."

"And will you take me with you?" he asked, grasping Ravenwood's hand in both his own, and sliding down to the ground at his feet.

The captain fixed his eyes upon the earnest, appealing face of the beautiful boy and said:

"Berti, after all you have done for me, and been to me, I could not think of leaving without you. My dear little brother, don't you know I would risk my life for you as you have for me. Can we not both go together?"

"Yes, yes."

"And will you not go with me?"

"All over the world. Oh, senor, I will never, never leave your side. I—I love you more than man was ever loved before. I would die for you—heaven only knows how willingly I would lay my life down for you."

"I doubt it not. The sincerity and earnestness you have always professed has been backed by the most faithful support."

"Then we will go together?"

"When and how?"

"Listen and I will tell you. Across that mountain range on the north a distance of four or five miles a path leads through the mangroves, to another narrow bay, too narrow and too-shallow for a large vessel to enter, even for as light a craft as the Sea Gull. But there is a large boat lying there. It has sweeps and a sail. If we make it across some night we can board the boat and drift out with the tide to sea."

"It is provided with sail, chart, and compass?"

"It has all those aboard and a snug little cabin up under the stern with three bunks in it, and a pilot house."

"We must provision and water it, for we may be many days at sea."

"Yes, we can look after that."

"And you will go with me, Berti?"

"Happy will I be to escape these monsters, senor, to go with you and be with you forever."

The captain was bringing the youth gradually to the point nearest his heart, and said:

"Berti, don't you think we can take with us that poor captive—the pretty young woman, who is so miserable——"

Berti started up quickly, his eyes flashing with a strange, mysterious fire, and cried:

"No, no, don't think of that!" He gnashed his teeth with a strange fury and clutched the dagger at his girdle. "Don't think of that," he repeated. "The thought of it will encompass her ruin." Then his voice sinking to a whisper, he gasped, "Don't dream of it. You encompass her death."

CHAPTER VI.

"AM I NOT AS BEAUTIFUL AS SHE?"

The strange conduct of Berti for a long time completely upset all the plans of Luke Ravenwood. The boy seemed to hate the fair captive, and no persuasion would induce him to raise a hand for her rescue.

Ravenwood was in a peculiar situation. He could not himself escape without the aid of the youth; he was determined never to leave the island without Eleanor, and yet no amount of persuasion could induce the boy pirate to consent to her release.

They returned to the village just as the sun was setting, and found the inhabitants all in a little flutter of excitement over the announcement that the chief would soon put to sea on one of his cruises. There was always a rivalry among the buccaneers for a position on the schooner when she sailed on one of her depredating voyages.

The men who remained at home, of course received some share of the profits, but the largest dividends were paid to those who went on board.

A system of drawing lots was arranged, and the new recruit was told he would have an opportunity to draw.

"How soon would the schooner sail?" he asked, carelessly.

"Within one week," was the answer.

He felt his heart almost stand still. That night he and Berti, in the deep recesses of the cavern, discussed the plans of escape.

"Tomorrow I will go to draw a lot and if it falls to me to go on the voyage we must leave before the schooner sails. It will be death and ruin to go with the Sea Gull."

"I know it, senor. If you draw we will act at once."

Next day the drawing came off and Luke Ravenwood was drawn as one of the crew.

"I congratulate you," said Bolidar, who was at his side. "You will make one of my crew for the voyage. There is no transfer, nor substitute. You must go!"

Many battle-scarred, gray-haired pirates gathered about the unfortunate sea captain to congratulate him while his heart was heavy as lead.

Meanwhile he was told he could go where he pleased, so that on the morning of the twenty-fourth, one week off, he reported on board the Sea Gull. When night came Berti led him aside and told him that they must commence loading the provisions on the boat at once. There were several empty breakers on it, which they could fill from the mountain stream, but they must carry provision sacross the mountains. Consequently they each took a bag of sea biscuit and dried meat from the great commisary stores that night and started along the narrow mountain trail.

By the skill and knowledge of Berti they avoided all guards and spies. Their way was long, the path steep and rugged, but both were young and strong and sure footed. They clambered over the mountain top and descended into a valley.

The moon had risen in the meanwhile and was throwing a silvery gleam over the landscape. A narrow strip of water could be seen and a dark thing at the side next them, he was told, was a boat.

They had to halt frequently to rest and when they were within a few hundred paces of the boat, Berti bade him stop and wait until he went nearer to learn if any of the buccaneers were lingering near it.

He was gone half an hour and came back with the information that none had been near the boat for several days.

They then hastened to stow away the stores they had brought with them, and then while Berti rested Ravenwood brought water in the buckets and filled the breakers. There was a large spring of fresh water near, and he easily filled all the water casks aboard, enough to supply half a dozen persons for a month's voyage.

Such fruits as dried figs and dates were procured in abundance, as well as yams, cocoanuts and other tropical fruits, including a bushel of sweet oranges and several bunches of bananas.

Berti wished to go with him next night, but Ravenwood, being the stronger, insisted on him staying at the village, and he doing the drudgery. Among other articles he carried across the mountain to the boat was half a dozen guns, ten pistols and a good quantity of ammunition. He carried two extra cutlasses, all of which he hid in the cabin.

The reader must not suppose that Luke had for a moment given up the hope of rescuing Eleanor. He had never seen her since Berti had shown him to the door of her prison room, but he knew that she was still there. He had not yet despaired of securing the services of the youth.

By some means he hoped to enlist his sympathy in the unfortunate young woman and thus save her.

He some times was tempted to tell him all, to admit that he was her lover, that they were betrothed and to leave her now after having found her, would be like tearing his heart from his bosom.

But he refrained, first for fear that the youth might himself be in love with her, and later on because he discovered that he actually hated her.

It was night and they were alone in the elegantly furnished subterranean apartments of Berti, who seemed a privileged person on the island. He had insisted on Luke reclining on the divan, while he sat on a low ottoman at his side, holding both his hands and gazing fondly and lovingly up into his face.

"I want to talk with you very earnestly tonight, Berti. If you love me, you must not lacerate my heart."

"Luke, Luke, you know I love you. Prince Arthur never loved the cruel Herbert more than I love you. He who doubts my love, to him will I prove it."

"I am going to prove it tonight, Berti."

"How?"

He started to his feet as he spoke, clasped both hands over his palpitating bosom, while his breath came hot and quick.

"How! What is the test?" he gasped.

"I cannot go, Berti, and leave the poor young lady in captivity. She is my country woman. I know her parents and could I ever meet her father and say that I—"

"Hold! Say no more! It is not that!" cried Berti, his eyes flashing fire and his breath drawing hard. "You love her—tell me you do not love her!"

The question put so abruptly for a moment stunned him.

He sought to evade it by asking one in return.

"Berti, do you love her?"

"No!" he cried, his handsome face clouded and disfigured with a frown. No! I hate her!"

His action was more like that of a spoiled child. "Aye, I hate her," he cried.

Then a new resolution seemed to possess Berti's soul and he said:

"I must let you know all. You shall know all. I see you love her. Stay here until I return; I will not be gone long. Move not."

Thunderstruck, Luke started up, sitting on the cot while he disappeared through an opening. Then twenty minutes rolled by, then the curtains were drawn aside, and the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, clothed in scarlet silk and velvet robes, entered. Luke started up in amazement, while an exclamation of surprise escaped his lips.

"Am I not beautiful as she?"

It was Berti's silvery voice.

"Berti! My God!"

"No longer Berti, for I have assumed the garb of my true sex. Not Berti, but Inez, the daughter of the Sea King. Am I not beautiful as she?"

Dumbfounded he dropped back on the couch and gazed at her.

This thrilling historic romance will be continued next week. The Ledger makes splendid subscription offers on pages thirteen and fourteen.

Recipes.

Apple Sherbet.—Boil the apples, pared and cored, in sufficient water to float them until they are reduced to a fine pulp; strain them, and to half a pint of water add half a pound of sugar, the juice of a lemon and, if necessary, a little water; when cold freeze as ice cream.

Cinnamon Rolls.—Roll the dough of ordinary rolls rather thin. For six rolls spread with one tablespoonful of butter, one of sugar, and one teaspoonful of cinnamon. Make into a long roll and cut into six pieces one inch thick and put in a baking pan to rise. When light bake in a moderate oven. Delicious with a cup of hot coffee.

Has Had Hard Usage.

Smith—Your wife has a fine voice.

Jones—Yes; one of the best in the world. Otherwise it would have been worn out several years ago.

HER MATCHLESS SMILE.

By Ellis Parker Butler.

When Lucy smiles the world grows bright
  And darkness flees away,
Her smile is like a cheerful light
  Transforming night to day.

When Lucy smiles my pulses burn
  With waves of warm desire,
And in her eyes I can discern
  The spark that lights the fire.

And since she's light and fire to me
  I think I'll wed this lass;
Just think what great economy
  'Twould be in coal and gas!

What Will Be His Death?

Astronomers tell us that the day must come when this earth will, like the moon, wheel through the heavens a dead and barren ball of matter—airless, waterless, lifeless, says Answers. But long, long before that time man will be extinct, will have disappeared so utterly that not so much as the bleached skeleton of a human being will be visible on all the millions of square miles of the surface of this planet.

Unless by some huge and universal cataclysm the whole race is swept at once into eternity, it is but reasonable to suppose that man, like any other race of animals, will disappear slowly, and that eventually there will be but a single human being left—some old, old man, gray headed and bearded, and left to wander alone in a solitude that may be imagined but not described.

How will he die, this last relic of the teeming millions that once transformed the face of the globe and ruled undisputed masters of every other living thing? There are many fates that may befall him. He may go mad with the horror of loneliness and himself end his own miserable existence. He may be eaten by the vast reptiles or giant insects which will then probably infest the solitudes.

But his fate may be far weirder and more dreadful. Scientists say that, as we burn the coal and timber we are still so richly supplied with we let loose into the atmosphere an ever-increasing volume of carbonic-acid gas. Much of this is taken up by plants, but not all. It must increase and eventually poison the breathable air, filling the valleys and mounting slowly to the hilltops, where the last remnants of animal life are striving for existence. The last man will climb higher and higher, but eventually the suffocating, invisible flood will reach and drown him.

Again, it is said that the earth as it gets older is cracking like dry mud. These cracks will increase until at last they will let the waters of the ocean and rivers sink into the fiery center of the globe. Then will occur an explosion so terrible as may startle the inhabitants of neighboring worlds. The last man in this case will probably be some arctic explorer or Eskimo, whom the vast plains of ice around will save from instant death and leave to grill a few moments till the ice continents are swallowed up by redhot gases and steam.

Suppose these earth cracks develop more slowly they may suck away the water without devastating explosions. Then the last man's fate will be the worst describable. He will die of thirst. The scene of his death will probably be the great valley in the bed of the Brazilian coast, half way between Rio Janeiro and the cape, where now six miles of green water lie between the steamer's keel and the abysmal slime beneath. There, hopeless digging in the ever-drying mud, he must perish and leave his bones to parch on a waterless planet.

The antarctic polar ice cap has been growing thicker and heavier for uncounted ages. The distance from the south pole to the edge of this ice cap is 1,400 miles. The ice rises steadily from the edge to the center. At that center it cannot be less than twelve miles in thickness—twice as thick as Mount Everest is high. Southern latitudes are growing warmer and this ice cap is known to be cracking. Suppose it splits. Imagine the gigantic mass of water and ice that will come sweeping up north over the oceans and continents of the earth! Where, then, will the last man breathe his final gasp? High up in the snows of some great range he will perish miserably of cold and starvation, looking down on a huge shallow sea, beneath whose tossing waters will lie the whole of the races of the world.

Or last, and perhaps dreariest fate of all, the human race may outlive other mammals and last until the sun, as some day it must, grows dull and cold and vegetation dies from the chilled earth. The miserable remnant of earth's people must then slowly die out after ages of an existence to which that of the Eskimo of today is a paradise.

Soothing a Friend.

Miss Stillgirl (sobbing)—I think it's awfully mean. That horrid Quill girl has been saying that I paint.

Miss Meanness—Never mind, dear. I expect if she had your complexion she'd paint, too.

Test of Popularity.

"What is a popular song?"
"Any new song that everybody hates."

Never Satisfied.

Some things are better than others, but as a general thing man wants the others.

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8,000 Cured in One Year.

Dr. Carter's GRAN SOLVENT Bougies will dislodge, digest and forever remove Urethral STRICTURE in 15 days. Bougies dissolve in three hours, curing while you sleep. Cures Gleet and Enlarged Prostate. STOPS DRAINS AND EMISSIONS. Valuable Treatise FREE

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STAR PRINTING PRESS
FINE GOLD BRONZE
FINE SILVER BRONZE

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TWO PACKAGES OF CARDS OF VARIOUS COLORS, ONE BOX OF GOLD BRONZE, ONE BOX OF SILVER BRONZE, ONE CAN OF INK, ONE PAIR OF TYPE TWEEZERS, ONE SET OF INSTRUCTIONS, ONE TYPE LIST.

The whole outfit is neatly packed in a wooden box. The Star is easily king of low priced presses. It is manufactured exclusively for us. It is made on scientific principles and is practical. The outfit will enable you to spend the long winter evenings profitably and pleasantly; nothing better for a boy, for it is education and pleasure combined. It is a wonderful help in spelling—a printer is always a good speller. In fact we hardly know of anything that is a better premium if there is a boy or a girl in the house.

In order that everyone may take advantage of this offer we will send BOYCE'S MONTHLY for One Year and the Complete Outfit to any address upon receipt of 88 cents, the receiver to pay express charges as the Outfit is too heavy to go by mail. Don't miss this glorious offer. Address,

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Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

A BAD COLD.

By Felix Leigh.

Thomas the Tabb, with whiskers long,
Went hunting mice when the draught blew strong.
He sat him down on the bare stone floor,
And the draught blew under the kitchen door.

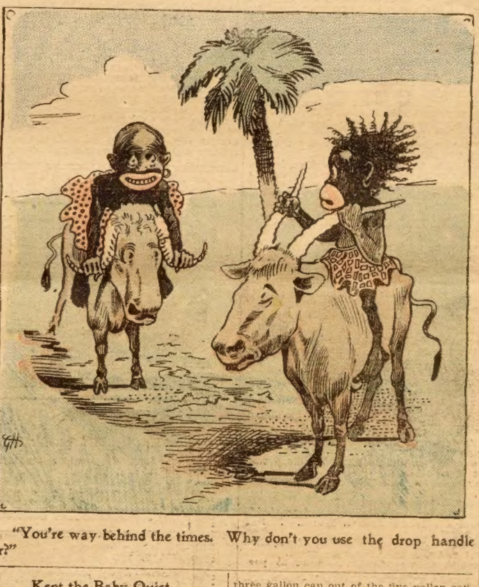
He sat him down by a mouse's hole,
And he watched for three long hours—poor soul!
The draught blew sharp and the draught blew shrill,
But Thomas the Tabb he sat there still.

Those three long hours they were scarcely past
When the mouse peeped out—at last, at last!
"In another moment you will be seized,"
Chuckled Thomas the Tabb, and then he—sneezed!

* * * * *

Thomas the Tabb, as we proceed
To press, is a sorrowful invalid,
And the mouse observes to her youngsters bold,
"But he did catch something—he caught a cold!"

UP TO DATE.



"You're way behind the times. Why don't you use the drop handle bar?"

Kept the Baby Quiet.

The woman in the lower flat met her at the door of the building, and a minute later the woman who had been out to make a few calls rushed upstairs to her own apartments.

"For heaven's sake, what's the matter, John?" she demanded as she entered.

"Nothing, my dear," replied her husband, as he looked up at her in surprise. He was on his hands and knees playing horse with the 4-year-old, while the baby sat in the corner, gurgling and laughing.

"Nothing!" she exclaimed. "Nothing! Do you know that you have knocked a square yard of the plastering from the ceiling of the room below this one?"

"Have I, my dear?" he asked, meekly.

"Have you?" she cried. "Of course you have. Further than that, you upset a water pitcher or something and a good deal of the paper downstairs is ruined."

"Did I, my dear?"

"Yes, you did," she asserted, "and the neighbors tell me that the racket here has been simply awful; and the worst of it is that you have been responsible."

"I?"

"Yes, you. You needn't try to get out of it. They recognized your voice. They could hear you clear to the corner yelling 'Whoa!' and 'Get up!' and all that sort of nonsense, and the people downstairs say that you were the one who was galloping up and down the room and jumping over the chairs. They could tell by the way it jarred the house. The children couldn't possibly have made such a racket. What in the world have you been trying to do?"

"My dear," he returned, meekly, "do you remember what you said to me when you went out?"

"Distinctly," she replied. "I told you above all things to keep the baby quiet, for there was somebody sick downstairs."

"Well," he said, with the air of a much injured man, "I have kept the baby quiet in the only way possible to me."

How the Grocery Man Made Out.

It will be remembered that last Sunday we left the two farmers and the perplexed grocer in a position where the grocer was vainly endeavoring to measure out four gallons with three measures of eight gallons, five gallons and three gallons each. It took the grocer some little time to find a way that would be correct and not take too long a time.

As was suggested, he first filled the eight gallon can, that being the exact quantity necessary to make the complete measures of four gallons each for both the farmers.

Were you able to do it? It is a nice little problem, and a simple one when you know it. After considerable thought, our groceryman proceeded as follows, and you must watch his method closely to be sure that there is no deception:

He filled the eight gallon can first, and then filled the five gallon can out of the eight gallon can, leaving three gallons in the eight gallon can. He next filled the three gallon can out of the five gallon can, leaving two gallons in the five gallon can. Then, after pouring the three gallons just put into the smallest can back into the eight gallon can the two gallons still left in the five gallon can were poured into the three gallon can making then two gallons in this can (the three gallon can) and six gallons in the eight gallon can.

After filling the five gallon can from the eight, leaving one gallon in the eight gallon can, the three gallon can, which already contains two gallons, is filled from the five gallon can, taking one gallon out and leaving the required four gallons. By pouring the three gallons then into the eight gallon can, which has one gallon in it, the two portions of four gallons each are obtained. You can do this for yourself with quart measures and see how prettily it works out.

Has Another Ant to Wash Him.

The ants have more curious customs than almost any of the insects, and there is one kind that is clean as a cat. They take turns cleaning each other. First one lays down, and the other starts by washing its face, from there going over the whole body. The one that is being cleaned seems to enjoy it as much as a dog having his head scratched. It lies with all its limbs sprawled out, rolls over on its side and even on its back in solid enjoyment.

Street Car Strategy.

"You told the conductor Willie was under 5?"

"Hush! That's a new scheme I've discovered."

"Tell me the secret."

"Well, you see, 5 is the number in Willie's hat."

Tailor Made Suit $4.98

Silk Lined Jacket.
ALL WOOL MATERIAL

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SEND NO MONEY but send this adv. with color desired; give bust and waist measure, length of skirt (down front) from skirtband to bottom and we'll send the suit by express C.O.D. and **allow you to try it on before you pay a cent.** If found just as represented, a perfect fit and worth every penny of $10.00, then pay the express agent $4.98 and expressage. Pay **nothing** if unsatisfactory.

THE SUIT is made by expert men tailors over designs drawn by that king of ladies tailors, M. LaRochelle, from **Dahl's Best All Wool Fast Color Ladies' Cloth,** famous everywhere for its **rich soft bloom and beautiful appearance.** **The Jacket** is made in latest single-breasted style with tight-fitting back and new fashionable sleeves. It is superbly trimmed with fine satin bands, artistically double silk-stitched and **elaborately lined with real French Silk of beautiful colorings and exquisite designs. The Skirt** is splendidly lined, has new fan back, nobly welted seams, is four yards wide and hangs graceful and stylish; from start to finish the suit's tailor-made and worth fully $10.00.
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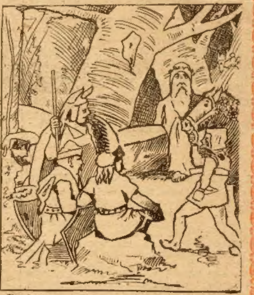
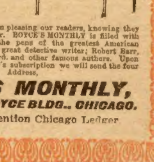
PUZZLE
FIND THE PRINCESS.



The picture represents four men and a boy and a horse in the woods searching for the Princess. She is hidden in the trees. She is larger than any of the persons in the picture. Search carefully and you may find her. Study the picture carefully and turn it around slowly and you may discover her. If you do you get a handsome prize for your trouble. If you find her draw a pencil mark around her, cut out the picture and send it to us with 25c. to pay for a year's subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY and we will send you the four beautiful stick pins shown in this advertisement. Following is a description of the four pins:



PIN A is a genuine pearl solitarie pin, set in Tiffany style. The pearl is nearly one-fourth inch in diameter. The pin is suitable for either lady's or gent's wear.

PIN B is an oval ruby stick or scarf pin. Tiffany style setting, beautiful fire and luster in the stone. It is one of the prettiest pins you ever saw, and is well worth 25 cents.

PIN C is a round ruby stone scarf or stick pin, close imitation of a genuine ruby.

PIN D is an imitation turquoise solitarie stick pin. Turquoise is one of the most fashionable stones in existence. These four pins you will certainly value at more than $1.00, but we wish to advertise BOYCE'S MONTHLY, and know of no better way than pleasing our readers, knowing they will continue year after year. BOYCE'S MONTHLY is filled with the best literature from the pens of the greatest American authors. Conan Doyle, the great detective writer; Robert Barr, Emma Opper, Rider Haggard, and other famous authors. Upon receipt of the 25c. for a year's subscription we will send the four pins above, postage prepaid. Address,

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